

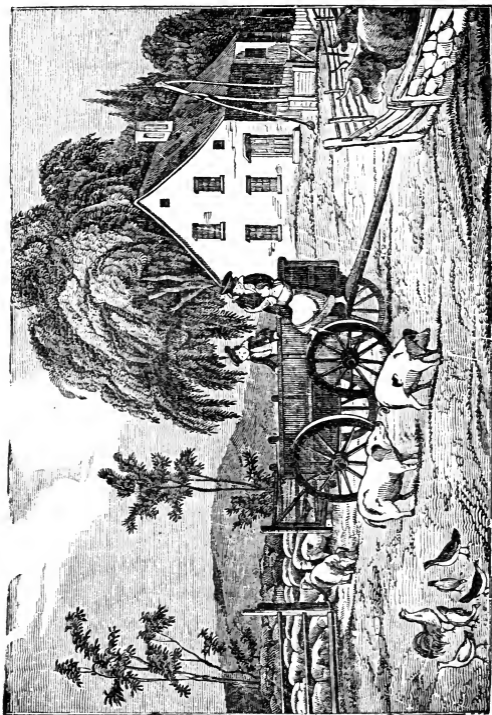
Ex Libris

C. K. OGDEN









ROLLO AT SCHOOL.

THE ROLLO SERIES

IS COMPOSED OF FOURTEEN VOLUMES, VIZ.

Rollo Learning to Talk.
Rollo Learning to Read
Rollo at Work.
Rollo at Play.
Rollo at School.
Rollo's Vacation.
Rollo's Experiments.

Rollo's Museum.
Rollo's Travels.
Rollo's Correspondence.
Rollo's Philosophy—Water.
Rollo's Philosophy—Air.
Rollo's Philosophy—Fire.
Rollo's Philosophy—Sky.

A NEW EDITION, REVISED BY THE AUTHOR

BOSTON:
PHILLIPS, SAMPSON, AND COMPANY.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1855, by

PHILLIPS, SAMPSON, & CO.,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts

PREFATORY NOTICE.

As the little readers of "ROLLO AT WORK" and "ROLLO AT PLAY," have done the author the honor to manifest some interest in the continuation of his juvenile hero's history, they are now presented with "ROLLO AT SCHOOL" and "ROLLO'S VACATION." Under the guise of a narrative of Rollo's adventures in these new situations these little books are intended to exhibit some of the temptations, the trials, the difficulties, and the duties, which all children experience in circumstances similar. That the reader may be profited as well as amused by the perusal, is the sincere wish of

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS.

	Page.
THE BEGINNING,.....	7
DOVEY,.....	30
DOVEYISM,.....	53
INGENUOUSNESS,.....	65
SUBMISSION,.....	83
PERTINACITY,.....	100
ORDER,.....	113
TITLE TO PROPERTY,.....	141
THE REASON WHY,.....	156
THE HOLIDAY.....	172

ROLLO AT SCHOOL.

THE BEGINNING.

ONE pleasant Monday morning, Rollo came to the door which opened upon the platform behind his father's house, and looked out into the little green yard, and across to the garden. Then he looked over towards the barn. He seemed to be looking for somebody. Then he turned round, and took down a small ivory whistle which hung in the entry, by the side of the door. It was hung upon a small nail by a green silk ribbon.

He stood out upon the platform and blew the whistle loud and long.

In a moment he heard a voice, which seemed to be out behind the barn, answer, "Aye, aye."

He looked in that direction, and presently a large boy came around the corner of the barn and walked along towards him. His

jacket was off, as if he had been at work, and he had a little hatchet in his hand.

"Come, Jonas," said Rollo, "mother wants you to go with me to school."

Jonas looked and saw that Rollo was dressed very neatly, and that he had a book and slate in his hand. He said he would come as soon as he had put on his jacket.

So Jonas put the hatchet away in its place, and put on his jacket, and then went around to the front door, where he found Rollo waiting for him; and they walked along together.

"Did *you* ever go to school, Jonas?" said Rollo.

"Yes," replied Jonas, "I went once."

"Don't you wish you could go now?"

"Yes," said Jonas, "I think I should like it better than you will."

"Better than I?" said Rollo, looking up surprised: "why, I like it very much indeed."

"You have n't tried it yet," said Jonas.

"Oh, but I know I shall like it."

"You can tell better by and by," said Jonas. "Boys don't generally like going to school very well."

"But I do," said Rollo.

"They all like it the first day; but afterwards they find a great many things which they do not like very well."

"What things?" asked Rollo.

"Why, sometimes you will get playing after breakfast, and when school time comes you will not want to go. Then your studies will be hard sometimes and you will get tired of them; and then some of the boys will be cross to you, perhaps."

Rollo felt somewhat disappointed at hearing such an account of the business of going to school, from Jonas. He had expected that it was to be all pleasure, and he could not help thinking that Jonas must be mistaken about it. However, he said nothing, but walked along slowly and silently.

Presently they came down to the little bridge that leads across the brook on the way to the school-house, where they had found a bird's nest some time before, and Rollo proposed that they should go and look at their bird's nest.

"No," said Jonas, "we must not go now. It is never right to stop by the way, going to school, without leave."

"Why?" said Rollo.

"It will make us late," said Jonas.

"Oh, but we will not stop but a minute," said Rollo, lingering behind a little, and looking towards the tree.

Jonas laughed, but kept walking on, looking around to Rollo, to see if he was following. But Rollo stood by the side of the bridge, looking at Jonas as he went along.

"Just one minute, Jonas," said he.

Jonas shook his head and walked on. Presently he turned round and walked backwards, facing Rollo.

Rollo, finding that Jonas would not stop, began to follow him slowly, but he looked very much vexed. He thought that Jonas was very ill natured not to stop for him just one minute.

By the time Jonas had got to the top of the hill, Rollo overtook him, and then he walked along in silence for a few minutes. At last he said pettishly, "I will stop when I am coming home, at any rate."

"I advise you not to," said Jonas.

"Why not?" said Rollo.

"Because your father told you that you must not stop, going or coming."

"Well, I am not going to *stop*; I shall only go and look at the bird's nest, and then walk on; it won't take any time at all."

"That is the way I have known a great many boys to get punished," said Jonas.

"How?" said Rollo.

"Why, they stop a little going to school to play, and think they are only going to stop a minute; but then they forget, and play about a great deal longer than they meant to, and so get very late."

"And then do they get punished?" said Rollo. "My father would not punish me, if I only stopped a minute."

"Perhaps he would n't, but then if you stop at all, you will be likely to stop more than a minute."

By this time they came in sight of the house where the school was kept. It was a farm-house, standing among some trees, by the side of the road. There was a very pleasant yard on one side, with a wagon in it, and some woodpiles and chips, and some barns and sheds on the other side of it.

"Is *that* the school-house?" said Rollo.

"The school is kept in that house. That is where Miss Mary lives, and she keeps the school in the orchard room."

"The orchard room?" said Rollo.

"Yes, the room leading out into the orchard, on the other side."

The boys walked along the road in front of the house, and when they had got just be-

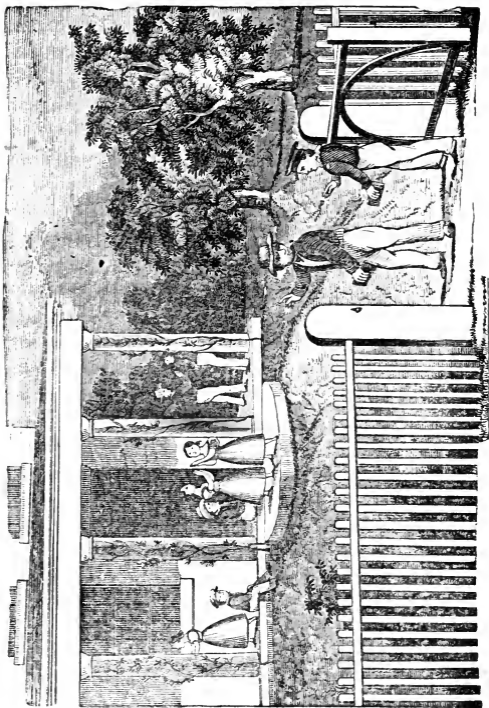
yond it, Jonas opened a small gate, which led under some trees by a little path, around the other side of the house. A large orchard extended from the house in this direction, with handsome trees in it; and fine green grass under them. They saw a door here, leading into a room which projected out into the orchard. There was a little portico before the door, and a large smooth flat stone on the ground before the portico. The grass came up all around near to the stone, except where the path came. Two children were sitting on the floor of the portico, with their feet upon the flat stone. They had books in their hands and their lips were moving. They looked up and saw Jonas and Rollo, but went on studying.

As the boys passed by the window, which was open, they saw the scholars and the teacher, in the room; and the teacher, whom the scholars always called Miss Mary, saw them and came to the door, just as Jonas and Rollo stepped up into the portico. She looked pleased to see the boys.

Jonas took off his hat as he came up to her and said,

“Here is Rollo.”

“Ah, Rollo,” said Miss Mary, “how do you do? I am glad to see you.” She took



Rollo by the hand and led him in, and Jonas turned around, put on his hat, and walked away.

Miss Mary led Rollo into the school-room. He found that the children were just taking their seats. Miss Mary led him to a seat at a little desk by the window. The desk was long enough for two, and there was a boy sitting at one half of it already. This boy was not so large as Rollo. He looked up very much pleased when he saw Rollo coming to sit by him. Miss Mary told Rollo that his name was Henry, and that they must both be good boys and not whisper and play. Then she turned away to her own seat at a table, at one side of the room. By this time the children all over the room had become still, and Miss Mary opened a little Bible which she had on the table, and it seemed as if she was going to read. All the children sat looking towards her attentive and still.

She only read two or three verses, but then she stopped to explain them very fully, so that the reading and her remarks occupied considerable time. One of the verses she read was this :—

“If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me.” •

She explained this to the children thus: "God will not listen to us when we pray to him, if he is displeased with us; and he is displeased with us just as much when we have iniquity *in our hearts*, as when we exhibit it in our actions. A bad boy was once walking along the street in a city, and he saw a basket of apples at the door of a store. He thought he would put out his hand slyly, when he went by, and take one. That was having iniquity in his heart. He had not *done* any thing wrong, he was only intending to do something wrong."

"Well, did he take one when he came to them?" asked Henry.

"No," said Miss Mary; "when he got close to the basket, and was just putting out his hand, he happened to look into the store, and he saw the man standing there. So he hastily withdrew his hand and walked on, trying to look careless and unconcerned."

"Now was there any thing wrong in this boy's *actions*?" said Miss Mary.

"Yes, ma'am," said the children.

"No," said Miss Mary, "not in his *action*. He did not steal the apple. He walked directly by just as he ought to do."

"Was there any thing wrong in his *looks*?"

"No, ma'am."

“Was there any thing wrong in his *heart*?”

“Yes, ma’am,” said all the children, for now they began to understand fully what Miss Mary meant.

“That is right,” said Miss Mary. “Now children in school very often cherish iniquity in their *hearts*. Something prevents their actually doing the wrong thing, but then they want to do it, they try to do it, they watch for an opportunity to do it, and so they are guilty in heart.

“Now,” continued Miss Mary, “we are all going to pray to God to take care of us to-day, but if any of you have any idea or intention of doing any thing wrong to-day, or any thing which you think is perhaps wrong, God sees it. It is iniquity in your heart, and he will not hear your prayer. We had better give up all such iniquity, and determine to do what is right. Then God will hear us, and take care of us, and keep us safe and happy.”

Now all the scholars listened very attentively to these remarks, but it happened that there were two who took more particular notice of them than the others. These two were Rollo and his cousin Lucy, who went to this school. and who sat before another win-

dow across the room. Rollo began to think that perhaps the intention which he was secretly entertaining, of stopping after school to see the bird's nest, might be cherishing iniquity in his heart. First he thought it was,—then he thought it was not, because he was only going to stop a very little while. Then he recollected that his father had told him he must come directly home, and therefore it must be wrong for him to stop at all. He *tried* to determine to go directly home, and thus give up the iniquity which was in his heart, but he could not quite determine. He wanted just to take one peep at the nest, and resolved to go home immediately after. He tried to satisfy himself with this, but he could not feel quite easy.

While these thoughts were passing through his mind, and just as Miss Mary had finished her remarks, he happened to be looking towards Lucy, and he saw that she opened the lid of her desk a little way, and put her hand in. Presently she withdrew her hand very cautiously, and Rollo, watching her, observed that she had in it a little sprig from an apple tree, with a large, beautiful, spotted butterfly upon it, and threw it out of the window. All this happened just at the moment when the

scholars were reclining their heads forward upon their desks, to listen to Miss Mary's morning prayer.

Rollo did not understand what this all meant. The truth was that Lucy had found this great butterfly when coming to school, and had carefully put it in her desk, intending to take it out and look at it when the school was begun. She knew that this was wrong, but had not thought much about it, until she heard Miss Mary's remarks, when she saw plainly that this plan of playing with the butterfly in school was iniquity in her heart, and was consequently a sin against God. Unlike Rollo, she determined to give it up immediately, and as she wanted very much that God should listen to her prayer, and take care of her, she thought she would take out the butterfly immediately and throw it out of the window, before the prayer should be begun.

I said she threw the butterfly out of the window, but this is not exactly correct, for there was a gentle breeze blowing in at the window at that time, which prevented the sprig and the butterfly from going out. They fell together upon the window sill, and the butterfly, frightened to see himself tossed about

dow across the room. Rollo began to think that perhaps the intention which he was secretly entertaining, of stopping after school to see the bird's nest, might be cherishing iniquity in his heart. First he thought it was,—then he thought it was not, because he was only going to stop a very little while. Then he recollected that his father had told him he must come directly home, and therefore it must be wrong for him to stop at all. He *tried* to determine to go directly home, and thus give up the iniquity which was in his heart, but he could not quite determine. He wanted just to take one peep at the nest, and resolved to go home immediately after. He tried to satisfy himself with this, but he could not feel quite easy.

While these thoughts were passing through his mind, and just as Miss Mary had finished her remarks, he happened to be looking towards Lucy, and he saw that she opened the lid of her desk a little way, and put her hand in. Presently she withdrew her hand very cautiously, and Rollo, watching her, observed that she had in it a little sprig from an apple tree, with a large, beautiful, spotted butterfly upon it, and threw it out of the window. All this happened just at the moment when the

scholars were reclining their heads forward upon their desks, to listen to Miss Mary's morning prayer.

Rollo did not understand what this all meant. The truth was that Lucy had found this great butterfly when coming to school, and had carefully put it in her desk, intending to take it out and look at it when the school was begun. She knew that this was wrong, but had not thought much about it, until she heard Miss Mary's remarks, when she saw plainly that this plan of playing with the butterfly in school was iniquity in her heart, and was consequently a sin against God. Unlike Rollo, she determined to give it up immediately, and as she wanted very much that God should listen to her prayer, and take care of her, she thought she would take out the butterfly immediately and throw it out of the window, before the prayer should be begun.

I said she threw the butterfly out of the window, but this is not exactly correct, for there was a gentle breeze blowing in at the window at that time, which prevented the sprig and the butterfly from going out. They fell together upon the window sill, and the butterfly, frightened to see himself tossed about

•

in this way, spread his broad wings and prepared to fly. All this happened in a moment. Lucy looked distressed and anxious. Rollo looked pleased to see such a beautiful butterfly. He touched Henry to make him look at it, and the other children, attracted by Rollo's movements, looked round, and saw the great butterfly as he was wafted in by the breeze, and floated fluttering through the air.

In a minute or two there was such a disturbance that Miss Mary was obliged to stop, and she looked up to see what was the cause. The butterfly lighted upon her table. The children laughed at first, but then suddenly looked sober again, expecting that Miss Mary would be very much displeased. But she did not look displeased. She looked just as usual. She thought the children had done wrong, but she did not think they were very much to blame for having their attention diverted, when there was such a great spotted butterfly flying about the room.

"Poor thing!" said she; "we will not hurt him. I suppose he flew in at the window; he did not know there was a school in here."

So she held a piece of paper before him and the butterfly stepped upon it. Then she gave

him to one of the older children to be carried out.

Lucy felt very uneasy at having made so much trouble, and then she did not think it was right for her to let Miss Mary suppose the butterfly flew in of his own accord, when, in fact, she brought him in. So she came pretty soon, when she had a good opportunity, and explained it all to her. Miss Mary heard her story, and then told her to take her seat and go on with her lessons, and not trouble herself any more about it.

In the mean time Rollo went on studying the lessons which Miss Mary had assigned him, and took care to be still and industrious. This was partly because he wished to be a good boy, and partly because he was somewhat afraid among so many strangers. By and by there was a recess, and then the children played around among the trees, in the orchard, and enjoyed themselves very much. Henry led Rollo around behind the house, where they could see through the cracks of a high fence into a large yard, where there were hens and chickens, and ducks, and little goslings. Rollo and Henry looked through, and Rollo wanted to go around in and see them, but Henry told him they were not allowed to go to that side of the house without leave.

Here Rollo, in his turn, began to hang his head a little, and Lucy looked up considerably relieved.

"But the butterfly did not go out of the window. The girl threw the sprig that he was upon, but it fell down upon the window sill."

"What is the window sill?" said a little bright-eyed girl, who sat in front of Miss Mary, and was looking up to her very attentively.

"It is that wooden piece that goes across the bottom of the window," said Miss Mary, pointing to it.

"The butterfly," she continued, "lodged there and then flew back into the room, just at the commencement of prayers. Now I want you to consider whether this girl was to blame, or not, for this disturbance."

The scholars gave various answers; some said yes, and some said no.

"There was a man once," continued Miss Mary, "who had two boys; he told them not to play ball in the yard, for fear they should break the windows, but that they might play in the field. When his father went away, one of the boys played in the yard, but did not happen to break any glass. The other

played in the field, as his father had allowed him ; but once, when he gave the ball a hard knock, it came over to the house, and broke a pane in one of the parlor sashes. When their father came home and heard how it was, he said that one of his boys had been very much to blame ; which do you think it was, the one who broke the glass, or the one who disobeyed his father ?”

“The one who disobeyed,” said the children.

“Yes,” said Miss Mary, “and if he had broken a window, by playing in the yard, he would not have been any more guilty than he was without breaking it. So that when you do any thing wrong, you are to blame, whether any bad consequences come from it or not. If a bad boy throws a stone at another, he is just as much to blame if it does not hit him as he is if it does. If you go to a dangerous place where you are forbidden to go, you are just as much to blame if you get back safely as you would be if you got hurt. If you stop to play coming to school, you are just as much to blame if you find school has not begun when you get here, as you would be if you were very tardy. Don’t you all think so ?”

"No, ma'am," said the little bright-eyed girl.

"Why not?" said Miss Mary

"Because if we are not tardy then there is no harm done."

"Yes, there is great harm done. You do what you know is wrong; you thus hurt your peace of mind, make yourselves unhappy, and make it easier for you to do wrong the next time; you disobey your parents or your teacher, and offend Almighty God."

The little girl was convinced and did not say another word.

"Now," said Miss Mary, "to go back to the butterfly,—the girl who brought him in determined to let him go again, to prevent his making any play or disturbance in school. But instead of this she unfortunately caused a great disturbance. Now was she to blame for this disturbance?"

"No, ma'am," said all the children.

"That is right, and I did not blame her at all. And now since I do not blame her for it at all, why do you suppose I have made all this talk about a butterfly?"

The children looked at Miss Mary without answering.

"It is to teach you several important truths.

Can any of you tell what truths I have been attempting to teach you by this conversation?"

The children hesitated. At length one said timidly, "We must not stop to play, coming to school."

"We are not to blame if we break the windows accidentally," said another.

"We must not bring playthings into school," said a third.

"That is pretty well," said Miss Mary; "I see you understand what I have been saying, but perhaps I can express it better than you do."

"When you do wrong, your guilt depends upon your hearts, your intentions, and your acts, and not upon the bad consequences that follow. When bad consequences follow, they do not make you guilty when you mean and do right; and if they do not follow, that does not make you innocent when you mean and do wrong.

"That is the main thing I have been endeavoring to teach. The other things that the children mentioned are true also, and I hope you will remember them. Whenever you stop to play by the way, without leave, and whenever you bring any playthings secretly to school, you are doing wrong, and

that whether you get into any difficulty by it or not."

When Miss Mary had said this, she struck a little bell gently, which was before her upon her table, and all the scholars rose and began to talk and put on their things. So Rollo knew that school was done. The girls and boys went out of the door, and walked along the path, two and three together, talking and laughing; and skipping along merrily. Rollo and Henry followed the rest; they separated at the gate, and each went towards his own home.

As Rollo walked along alone, the question at once came up in his mind whether he should just go and look at the bird's nest a moment or not. He saw now very clearly that it would be wrong; that even if he did not stop but a minute, so as to be only so little after the proper time that his mother should not notice it, still it would be wrong; and even if he should run afterwards, so as to get home without being late at all, it would be wrong. And so he determined not to do any such thing. He determined to walk directly by. Nest or no nest, eggs or no eggs, he determined to go directly by. And he did so. He walked directly home and went in, feeling innocent and happy.

This decision saved Rollo a great deal of trouble, for always after this he found it quite easy to go directly to school and back, and never got into trouble by loitering on the way. A great many boys and girls get gradually into the habit of stopping to play, in going to and from school, until at last their parents or teacher, after warning them and reproving them a great many times, are at length obliged to punish them ; and by this time the habit has become so confirmed that they suffer a great deal of trouble and sorrow before they are cured. Rollo had great reason to be thankful to Miss Mary for the instructions she gave him on his first day at her school.

ca 10 55

DOVEY.

IN the afternoon Rollo went to school again, but before he went he asked his father if he might stop a few minutes on the way, coming home, and look at the bird's nest. His father said yes.

Rollo went alone in the afternoon, for now he knew the way. He got there in good season, and took his seat, with Henry by his side.

He wrote in his writing book, and studied several lessons, though Miss Mary did not tell him exactly what classes he would be in. She told him that she should like to have him stop after school a few minutes, and she would talk to him about his studies.

Accordingly, when school was dismissed, and the other children were going home, Rollo came and stood up by the side of Miss Mary's table. She was putting away her books and papers.

Rollo stood quietly by her side, waiting until she should be ready to speak to him.

"Well, Rollo," she said, at length, "how do you like the school?"

"Very well indeed," said Rollo.

"I have not put you into your classes yet," said she, "because I thought it would be well for you to have one day to learn how things go on in the school, so as to feel a little at home. What does your father wish to have you study?"

"I don't know exactly," said Rollo; "I believe he does not want to have me to take a great many studies."

"Do you know what studies he does wish to have you attend to?" said Miss Mary.

"Not exactly," said Rollo.

Miss Mary's table was on the opposite side of the room from the door, and as she sat at the table her face was turned towards the door; and just as Rollo was trying to think what he had heard his father say about his studies, he observed that Miss Mary suddenly rose, looking towards the door. Rollo turned round and saw that there was a woman there leading in a little girl by the hand. The woman was dressed plainly, and had a handkerchief drawn over her head instead of a bonnet. The girl was a very wild-looking little thing. She wore a coarse green gown, darned and

mended in various places. A small straw bonnet, a good deal out of shape, hung back from her head, and her hair was down over her eyes.

The little girl pushed the hair back from her eyes with one hand, as she walked along into the room following her mother, who was drawing her in by the other. She seemed afraid to come in, or at least very unwilling, from some cause or other.

Miss Mary rose and was just going to speak to the woman, when, just as she got about half way across the room, the little girl seemed determined not to come any farther; she pulled her hand violently away from her mother and ran off out of the door.

"Dovey!" said the woman, turning round suddenly and following her, "Dovey, here, come back! Come back, Dovey, this instant!"

While thus calling the girl back, the woman had followed her to the portico before the door. Dovey ran until she had got to a safe distance in the orchard, and then stopped and turned round and looked at her mother.

"Dovey!" said her mother again, standing in the portico, "I tell you to come directly to me."

Dovey stood still looking at her mother, but made no answer.

"Mind, this minute," said her mother, stamping with her foot.

Dovey very coolly sat down on the grass and began to pick buttercups and dandelions.

By this time Miss Mary had followed the woman out to the door, Rollo coming behind her. Miss Mary thought the girl could not have been very properly managed, or she would not thus disobey her mother. She however did not say so. She smiled and said,

"Your little girl seems afraid, Mrs. Brome."

Mrs. Brome turned first to Miss Mary and then to the girl, and looked excited and angry.

"Afraid!" said she; "she is ugly. She is so wild and contrary, that I can't do anything with her. I was going to bring her to your school." Then she turned to Dovey again, and addressed her in a more soothing and pleasant tone.

"Come, Dovey dear, that is a good girl; come now and see Miss Mary; come and I'll give you a piece of cake."

"You have not got any cake," said Dovey.

"Yes I have," said she, "at home, and I'll give you some as soon as we get home."

But Dovey knew, unfortunately, that there

was not a great deal of dependence to be placed upon such promises, and she did not move.

"I think you had better walk in, Mrs. Brome," said Miss Mary, "and sit down: perhaps she will come in by and by."

"No she won't," said the woman. Then turning round again towards Dovey, she stepped out from the door, and began to move towards her, with a very resolute air; but Dovey was upon her feet in an instant, and began to skip backwards with a lightness and agility which showed at once that all pursuit would be fruitless. Miss Mary then repeated her request that Mrs. Brome would come in, and she said she would contrive some way to get Dovey in by and by.

They accordingly walked into the school-room, and sat down, and Mrs. Brome began to tell about Dovey. She said that she was heedless, wild, and disobedient, and that she wanted Miss Mary to take her into her school, and see if she could not make a good girl of her. All this time Rollo sat at the window looking out. Presently he saw Dovey beckoning to him to come out there. Rollo looked up to Miss Mary.

"Yes," said Miss Mary, "you may go out

if you would like to. You can show Dovey where she can look through the fence and see the chickens."

Rollo went to the door, and just as he was going out, Miss Mary told him that if Dovey wanted to look *over* the fence, she might come and help him carry a chair out, from the school-room.

When Rollo had gone, Mrs. Brome and Miss Mary talked more about Dovey.

"When do you want her to begin?" said Miss Mary.

"To-morrow morning; but then I don't see how I shall make her come to school."

"Won't she come if you tell her to?"

"No, she don't mind me at all. She plagues me almost to death," said the woman, with a deep sigh.

"Seems to me," said Miss Mary, "that her name does not correspond with her character very well. I never heard the name Dovey before."

"No," said the woman. "I made that name for her, when she was a baby; she was such a sweet, beautiful baby. But it is all altered now."

A few minutes after this Rollo came gently in at the door, and told Miss Mary that they should like to take the chair.

"Where is Dovey?" said Miss Mary.

"She is just out here, by the door," said Rollo.

Mrs. Brome was going to jump up and go right out to bring her in, but Miss Mary told her she had better sit still, and let her alone at present. Then Miss Mary took a chair and carried it out to the portico, and said,

"Here, Dovey, you can take hold here, at the legs, and Rollo at the other side, and so you can carry it very easily."

Dovey looked a little shy, but she came up at length cautiously and took hold of the chair; and she and Rollo carried it along. Miss Mary walked along with them a step or two, and asked them if they would be kind enough to count the turkeys in the yard, and tell her how many there were, so that she could tell whether they were all safe.

"How many ought there to be?" said Dovey.

"Four," said Miss Mary.

Then Miss Mary returned to the school-room, to continue her conversation with Mrs. Brome, while the two children hurried along to count the turkeys.

After some time the children saw Miss Mary coming out towards them, and as Do-

vey was now not afraid of her, she did not run away. As soon as Miss Mary came near, she said,

“Come, children, now you may carry in the chair, and put it in the school-room. Dovey, your mother has gone home, but she says you are coming to my school to-morrow, and I am glad of it. If you will come early to-morrow morning, I will let you go with me and feed the turkeys.”

“Yes, ma’am,” said Dovey, “they are all here, all four of them.”

“And, Rollo,” said Miss Mary. as she followed them along towards the school-room, “it is time for you to go home; you can ask your father what studies he wishes you to take and tell me to-morrow.”

So Rollo and Dovey put away the chair, and then each went home. Rollo thought that, as he had been already detained some time, he had better not stop to see the bird’s nest, but put it off till the next day.

Dovey did not refuse to come the next morning, as her mother had feared; she wanted to help feed the turkeys. In fact that was Miss Mary’s secret plan in telling her about the turkeys. Miss Mary kept her promise about letting her feed them, and then

led her into the school-room. Some of the scholars had come already, and were seated at their desks, in various parts of the room, preparing their lessons. Miss Mary went up to her table, and took her seat. Dovey threw her bonnet down upon the floor and followed.

"Oh, Dovey," said Miss Mary, "you must not throw your bonnet down there. There is a nail for you; you may hang it upon that."

Dovey went back and took up her bonnet and put it upon the nail, and then came back to Miss Mary's table.

"Tell me the whole of your name," said Miss Mary, laying down at the same time a penknife, with which she had been sharpening a pen.

"Dovey Brome," replied the new scholar, taking up the knife, at the same time beginning to cut the table with it.

"You must not touch the knife, Dovey," said Miss Mary, and she gently took it out of her hand, and laid it down again. "How old are you, Dovey?" she asked again, after having written down her name.

"I shall be eleven next June."

"It is June now," said Miss Mary; "do you mean June of this year or of next year?"

"The next year."

“Then you are *ten* now?”

“Yes,” said Dovey, “a few days ago.”

Miss Mary smiled a little, but Dovey did not know what for. She leaned her elbows upon the table, and put her cheeks in her hands, and then, a moment after, she took a pen out of the inkstand before her, and began to mark upon the back of her hand.

“Why, Dovey,” said Miss Mary, as soon as she looked up and saw her, “what are you doing? See how you have inked your hand.”—“Stop, stop,” she said again suddenly when she saw that Dovey was going to wipe her hand upon her gown; but it was too late. The thing was done in an instant, and the ink stain was spread equally over her hand and her dress.

Miss Mary looked at her a moment in silence, and thought that she probably had a very hard task before her, to cure that girl of all her faults. She, however, said nothing to her, but presently asked one of the older scholars to go out and show Dovey the way to the pump, and let her wash her hand as well as she could, and then to come in with her.

Miss Mary thought it would be hardly safe for her to sit with any of the other scholars,

and so she gave her a seat by herself, and Dovey was just going to it, when Rollo came in. Miss Mary asked her where her books were. She said she had brought them in a great green satchel, but did not know where she had put it. Rollo said he believed he saw it out in the orchard, and he went out to show Dovey where. She then remembered that she threw it down there, when she came in the morning. She took it up and walked along with Rollo, tossing her bag of books along before her upon the grass, and then picking it up as she came to it. Rollo asked her if she was not afraid she should hurt her books, but she said she did not care.

At length she came into the room, and was bringing her bag along, when Rollo, who came behind her, said,

“Dovey, what’s that?” pointing down to the floor.

It was a drop of ink coming from her bag.

“I expect you have broken your inkstand,” said Rollo.

Dovey looked careless and unconcerned, but said nothing. Miss Mary, who had come to the place, asked Rollo if he would carry the bag to the door, and take all the books out carefully, and see.

Miss Mary had observed that Rollo was a very neat, careful boy, and so she entrusted him with this business. She told him not to touch the pieces of the inkstand, if it was broken, but to come and tell her. She let Dovey go out with him, but told her that she must not touch the bag, but must let Rollo do it all alone, unless he should want her to help him.

So Rollo carried the bag out very carefully. Several other boys who were there wanted to go and do it, but Miss Mary had most confidence in Rollo, as a careful and tidy boy, and Rollo was very glad that he had taken pains to be neat and careful, so as to acquire such a character.

He took the bag out upon the grass, and asked Dovey to hold it open for him. He then looked in, and carefully took out one book after another, and at last, when he got near the bottom of the bag, he asked Dovey what that was done up in a paper.

"I expect it is my gingerbread," said Dovey.

Rollo then put in his hand and carefully drew out a small parcel wrapped up in a newspaper. He unrolled it slowly, and took out a piece of gingerbread, half soaked in

ink. "You must not touch it, Dovey," said he, and he laid it down upon the grass.

"No, the inkstand is not broken, only the stopper has come out," said Rollo again, looking down into the bag, as Dovey held it open. "How shall we get it?"

"Put your hand in and take it right out," said Dovey. "Here, I will."

"No, no," said Rollo, "it is all inky."

"Turn the bag bottom upwards, and let it fall out," said one of the children, who was standing by, looking on.

Rollo accordingly laid the bag down upon the grass, and took hold of the two corners, at the bottom, where it was not inked, and lifted it up. A strong round glass inkstand, wet inside and out with ink, fell out; and immediately after, a stopper, with a piece of brown paper wrapped around it, all completely blackened and wet.

"There," said Rollo, tossing the bag down upon the grass, and looking carefully at all his fingers. "There, I have got them all out, and have not inked my fingers in the least."

Just then, the children heard a bell ring in the school-room, which they knew was to call them all in.

"Oh dear," said Rollo, "what shall I do?"

here are all the books and things lying on the grass, and now the bell is ringing." The children were all walking away, and one of them looked round and said he had better leave them and come in directly. So Rollo walked along, Dovey following him. He went into the school-room, and walked up to Miss Mary's table, and told her that he had taken the things all out of the bag, and they were all scattered about upon the grass.

"Let me look at your fingers," said Miss Mary.

Rollo held his hand up.

"Very well," said Miss Mary. "After the school is opened you may go and get the books that are not inked and bring them in, and put them upon Dovey's desk."

Miss Mary read the Bible and offered prayer, and then she went out and brought in a desk which was not so handsome as the others in the room. It was old and unpainted. She placed a chair behind it, and led Dovey to it, telling her that that would be her seat for the present. "I shall give you a prettier seat by and by," she added, "if you are a good girl." But Dovey did not seem much inclined to be a good girl. She was restless, noisy, and idle. She tumbled all her books into

her desk in confusion, and when she wanted any one, she pushed them about until she found it. She had a trick of sitting with her chair tipped forward on its two front legs, and once she leaned forward so far, that they slipped back, and she came down upon the floor, with a great deal of noise. At this the scholars all laughed, and she looked very much ashamed; and for a few minutes after this she was quiet, but she soon forgot it, and was tipping her chair forward as before.

Now it happened that her seat was not very far from Henry's, the boy who sat next to Rollo; and she tried to make him play. Henry was rather disposed to be a good boy, but he could not help laughing at the droll faces she made up at him. At last Dovey snapped a paper ball at him, and he picked it up and snapped it back at her. Miss Mary was all this time at the other side of the room, and Henry looked up every moment to see whether she was looking at them, and he thought she was not. But he was mistaken. Miss Mary saw the whole. It very often happens; when boys and girls are at play at school, that the teacher knows all about it, while they do not suppose she is looking at them at all. Henry once looked

round to Rollo, to get him to see what Dovey was doing, but Rollo shook his head and went on with a sum which he was doing upon his slate.

Miss Mary saw all this, and was very glad to observe that Rollo was a good, faithful boy, and she was sorry to see Henry doing so wrong. But she said nothing then. Henry felt guilty and unhappy, and pretty soon began to study again.

At length the time for recess arrived, and when they got out into the orchard, some of the children proposed to go down to the spring and get a drink. "You go in, Henry, and ask Miss Mary if we may," said one.

Now this spring was down in a cool, shady glen, where the water came boiling up among some rocks in a very beautiful manner; and sometimes, when the day was warm, the children used to go down there with a tin dipper, to sit on the stones around the spring, and drink the cool water. In such cases they were required to walk down slowly and quietly, and one of the boys was generally appointed dipper-master. It was the duty of the dipper-master to go into the kitchen of the house and borrow the dipper. Then he was to walk along with the others,

and when they got to the spring, he was to dip up the water, and hand it round to the others; or he was to let them take the dipper themselves, if he chose, by turns; but it must be as he should direct. This was to avoid all disputes and disorder. Then it was his business, too, to see to it that the dipper was brought up and carried back safely into the kitchen.

So Henry and Rollo and several of the other children went in and asked Miss Mary if she was willing that they should go down to the spring. Miss Mary consented, and appointed Henry the dipper-master. Then away they went, and while Henry went to borrow the dipper, the rest waited at the door.

In a few minutes they were all walking along, Henry with his dipper at the head, out through a back gate which led behind the garden. Here they came to a little wood, with a narrow path leading into it. Rollo was next to Henry, then one or two other girls, and at last came Dovey. She did not set out with them at first; she said she did not want to go;—she could get water enough at the pump; but when she saw them all walking off so pleasantly together, she ran after them, swinging her bonnet round and round her





I don't care for that, I want to drink.

finger by one of the strings. At length the string broke and the bonnet flew out upon the grass; but Dovey left it and ran on. So it happened that when they got to the spring she was last.

Henry dipped up some water and gave it to Rollo. Rollo handed it along to one of the girls, and she drank some. While she was drinking, Dovey came up and took hold of the dipper, and said,

“Let me taste of it.”

“No,” said Henry, coming up; “I am dipper-master.”

“I don’t care for that,” said Dovey; “I want to drink.”

“No,” said Henry, taking hold of the other side of the dipper.

“Let go!” said Dovey, stamping with her foot.

“Let her have it, Henry; *I* would,” said Rollo.

The reason why Rollo advised Henry to let her have it was, that his father and mother had always taught him never to attempt to do any thing by violence, and never to resist violence from another. Henry accordingly let go of the dipper, though he did it very reluctantly, saying.

"Why, Miss Mary said I might be dipper-master. You have no right to take it away," said he to Dovey, who went on drinking, and eyeing Henry over the edge of the dipper.

"Yes I have," said Dovey, stopping to take breath. "I have a right to drink whenever I have got a mind to." She then drank a little again.

"You said just now, before we came down, that you did not want any water," said one of the girls gently.

"Well, there, take your water," said Dovey; and she threw what was left in the dipper over the children, and turned round and ran, carrying the dipper away with her.

The children cried, "Oh what a shame," and brushed the water off of each other's clothes, and wiped their faces. Then they began to walk slowly towards the house, and when they came out of the woods they saw Dovey swinging upon the back gate with the dipper in her hand.

"There! she is swinging upon the gate," said one of the girls.

"Perhaps, however," said Lucy, "she does not know it is against the rule."

"Dovey," said Henry, aloud, as soon as they got within hearing, "give me the dipper; I must carry it back into the kitchen."

Dovey did not answer ; she went on swinging back and forth upon the gate.

‘Come, Dovey, give it to me,’ repeated Henry, holding out his hand and advancing towards her. But Dovey was, unfortunately, not one of those girls who easily give up when they are doing wrong. She jumped off of the gate, passed through, and then shut and fastened it, with the hasp, and held it, as if she was not going to let them come through.

Just then the bell rang for the end of the recess ; and the children began to be very uneasy. One very little girl began to cry. Lucy told her not to cry, for she said that Miss Mary would not blame them for being late, when she knew all about it.

“But how shall we get back at all ?” said the little girl.

“Oh, Miss Mary will come down pretty soon, to see where we are,” said Lucy.

As soon as Dovey heard this, she knew that it would not be safe for her to stay there any longer, so she let go of the gate, threw the dipper away over into the garden as far as she could throw it, and ran off towards the school-room.

The children then unfastened the gate, and all passed through and walked along.

They stopped a minute while Rollo picked up Dovey's bonnet, which was lying by the side of the path, upon the grass, and then they all went into the school-room.

DOVEYISM.

THAT is, they all went into the school-room except Dovey herself. She knew that she had done very wrong, and was afraid to go back. So she ran off home. Miss Mary perceived that there had been some difficulty, but she made no inquiry about it at first, and the children did not wish to make complaints of Dovey, and so they all went to their seats and said nothing.

Henry was somewhat at a loss to know what he must do about the dipper. It was his duty to bring it safely back, and as it had been thrown over the garden fence, where he could not get it, he thought he ought to go and tell Miss Mary. He accordingly went to her table, and said, in a low voice, that he had not brought back the dipper.

"Where is it?" said Miss Mary.

"It is over in the garden."

"How came it over there?"

"Dovey threw it over."

"Where is Dovey?"

"I believe she has gone home."

"Very well," said Miss Mary, after a moment's pause; "you may go out and get it. You may ask any one you please to go out with you and help you find it."

Henry asked Rollo to go with him. They went out through the front gate, into the road before the house, and thence into the yard on the other side. They saw a great many things which attracted their attention, but they did not stop to look at them. A large boy was coming across the yard with a wheelbarrow. He called out to them in a rough voice to go back; but when they told him that Miss Mary sent them, he said, "Oh, very well."

In the garden there were a great many very pleasant walks, and trees, and flowers. At first they did not know where to look for the dipper; but presently went and peeped through the fence to see where Dovey stood when she threw it, and then they knew in what direction they must look. At last they found it in the midst of some currant bushes.

"How I should like to stay here a little while," said Henry, as they walked along the alley towards the house.

"Yes," said Rollo, "if we only had leave."

"Perhaps Miss Mary will let us come in here some time," said Henry.

When they reached the house, Henry went in and returned the dipper to its place, and then he and Rollo went back to school.

Miss Mary rang the bell for the children to put away their books earlier than usual that afternoon, and then, when the room was still, she said to the children that she believed that there was some difficulty in the recess, and she asked that if any of them were willing to tell her freely all about it, they would hold up their hands.

All the children who went down to the spring then held up their hands.

"I am glad to see that you are willing," said Miss Mary, looking around upon them all; "and now I don't know who to call upon, for there are very few children who know how to tell such a story properly. It is very hard."

"Is it?" said a little boy on a front seat.

"Yes," said Miss Mary, "very hard, as we shall see. Francis, you may try; but remember, I want an honest and an impartial account."

Francis was on the whole a pretty good boy, but he was very much displeased with Dovey, and Miss Mary saw very plainly, by his manner of telling the story, that he was

not by any means impartial. He stated the facts pretty correctly, but he seemed very eager to throw all the blame upon Dovey, and it happened in this case that she deserved it. Still it would have been better for him to have related the occurrence in a more calm and quiet manner.

When he concluded, Miss Mary asked Rollo to tell the story, and he did so. His account agreed very fully with Francis's. Then Miss Mary asked the children if they all thought that these two accounts were correct and fair accounts, and they all held up their hands, meaning that they did.

After a short pause, Miss Mary addressed the scholars thus:—

“I am sorry that Dovey is not here, for I make it a rule never to decide against children until I hear what they have to say themselves. We will wait, therefore, until to-morrow, and then I will ask Dovey for her account of the affair.”

The children all thought that this was unnecessary forbearance; though they made no objection to waiting. After school, however, they came around Miss Mary's table, and began to talk about it again.

“Miss Mary,” said Henry, “I wish you

would send Dovey away from school. She spoils all our play."

"She is so cross and selfish," said Francis.

"And then she plays in school," said Rollo.

"Yes," said Henry, "she tried to make me play to-day."

"And she has been marking all over her desk," said a little girl, who happened to sit near her.

"Where?" said Miss Mary.

The children went to Dovey's desk, and Miss Mary followed. The little girl lifted up the lid, and Miss Mary saw a number of rude marks and drawings on the lid inside. The books were all tumbled in in confusion, and crumbs of gingerbread were scattered about the bottom of the desk. In one corner was a paper box, which she had made; there were flies buzzing in it, which she had caught and imprisoned there.

Miss Mary looked at all these things, but said nothing, and presently walked back to her table again.

"Well, children, we will not talk any more about Dovey to-night; I will consider what to do to-morrow, after I have seen her

But I am in hopes that her coming to school will be the means of doing a great deal of good."

"Good!" said several of the children with much surprise; "what good?"

"In showing you how bad such character and conduct is, when it is fully developed; and thus leading you to avoid it."

"Why, Miss Mary," said a little girl, "we are not like Dovey."

"Not so bad as Dovey, any of you, but still there was a good deal of *Doveyism* in the school before she came."

The children looked at one another with a smile; many of them did not know exactly what Miss Mary meant.

"Now, for example, one trait in such a character as Dovey's is disorder. Now if I were to go all about the room, and look into every desk, and examine the condition of them, I think I should find considerable *Doveyism*."

Miss Mary smiled pleasantly as she said this, and the children proposed that she should go around and see. She said she would look at the desks of those who were present, and they accordingly all walked along together. They came first to Henry's desk,

and upon opening it they found that it appeared in pretty good order, but there were a good many crumbs upon the bottom of it, and Miss Mary reached her hand into one of the back corners and lifted up a slate, and found under it a pile of small books, old papers, pens, &c.

"There is a little *Doveyism*," said Miss Mary, with a smile.

"Well, I did not know what to do with them," said Henry.

"If you had thought a moment you would have known that the crumbs might be brushed up, and the old pens and papers thrown away. I think we must call it *Doveyism*."

"Now look at Rollo's desk," said Lucy, opening the lid. Rollo's was in beautiful order; but it was partly because his mother had told him exactly how to keep things in order, and partly because he had been in school only a day or two, and his things had not got disarranged.

"That looks very well," said Miss Mary, "but I can judge better of Rollo's character for order a fortnight hence."

As they passed along the room, from desk to desk, the scholars found much more disorder than they had expected. In some cases

they found books with the leaves tumbled, and the corners and edges curled up. The first example of this kind that they came to, was at a boy's desk named John. His desk was in pretty good order, only there was a spelling book open in the middle of it, with the leaves curled up and the corners doubled down, and tattered and torn so much that it immediately attracted their attention.

"Why, John," said Miss Mary, "here's *Doveyism*."

"But, Miss Mary," said John, looking up to her very earnestly, as if he had a perfectly good ground of defence, "I *cannot* make my leaves stay out straight. I have pressed them and pressed them; and now my book has got so bad that it will not stay shut."

"Do you know what makes the leaves curl up so?" asked Miss Mary.

"Oh, they curl up themselves," said John.

"No," said Miss Mary; "your elbows are the rogues." She then sat down at the desk, and held the book open before her and began to lean forward upon it, in an awkward and indolent manner, as children often do at school, and showed John that that was the way the corners of the leaves were doubled over. John looked rather foolish, and the rest of the children laughed.

She then told John, that if he would always be careful to keep his book in its proper place upon the desk, and not lean forward upon it, or rest his elbows upon it, he would find there would be no more dog's ears in it.

"I'll try," said John; "but what shall I do with all these that are already made? I wish my father would buy me a new book."

"You will soon get by those, to a new part of the book, and if you press them all down smooth every night, the leaves will soon come straight again. But you will find it rather harder than you suppose to avoid making more. You will not leave off the habit all at once, I am afraid."

"Are Dovey's books so?" asked one of the children.

"I suppose so," said Miss Mary.

One of the children then went to Dovey's desk and took out a book or two to see, and brought them to Miss Mary. They were full of dog's ears, ink spots, and tattered leaves. Miss Mary and the scholars all looked at them in silence, the children all secretly resolving to smooth out every curled leaf in their books as soon as possible, and to take special care not to make any more.

Presently they came to a desk where a

pleasant little girl sat, and as the party approached it she seemed to be trying to cover up a long hole in the green baize on the top of it with her hand. As the scholars were opening the lid, Miss Mary held it down to look at the baize, saying,

“But stop a minute; what is this hole?”

“Why, Miss Mary,” said the little girl, somewhat confused, “I cut that with a knife yesterday. I was in a hurry to cut some paper. I did not think it would come through, but it did, and made that ugly hole.”

“Heedlessness,” said Miss Mary. “That **is** a very important trait in the Dovey character. Dovey girls are always doing some mischief from mere heedlessness, as well as other mischief from design. They upset their inkstands, they cut their fingers, they tear their clothes by climbing, or get into the mud by running along and not minding where they are going, they scratch the furniture, and bring mud into the house, and break glass, and hurt themselves and one another, and do a thousand other heedless things. Now, children, don’t you think you are sometimes guilty of some such things?”

Miss Mary asked the question with a pleasant countenance, but the children did not

answer. They looked a little confounded. They felt guilty, and saw that they were all sometimes much more like Dovey than they had supposed.

"Dovey's heedlessness," continued Miss Mary, "when she tossed her bag along before her upon the ground, with an inkstand full of ink in it, may have been greater in degree than you commonly manifest, but it is precisely the same in kind."

"Well, but, Miss Mary," said Rollo, "there are certainly some things which Dovey does, that we don't do at all."

"What things?" said Miss Mary.

At first Rollo could not answer, but presently he and some of the other children mentioned several of the more gross cases of her selfishness and rudeness. Miss Mary admitted that the other scholars did not do any thing quite so bad, but yet she called a great many cases to their minds in which they had shown the same spirit, though they had not exercised it in so great a degree. She showed them also that it was this spirit and character which was wrong, and that if it was not wholly changed it had a tendency to grow worse and worse, until they should become as bad as Dovey.

The scholars all listened attentively and with very serious looks to what Miss Mary said, and when, at last, she told them it was time for them to go home, they all went away, determining that the next day they would be very careful not to be like Dovey in any thing at all. Henry determined that he would put his desk in order the first thing in the morning, and engaged Rollo to show him how.

The children saw no more of Dovey for two or three days.

INGENUOUSNESS.

ONE or two days after this, Rollo and two or three of the other children were playing in the orchard, in the recess, and they had rambled to some distance from the house, along a kind of cart path through the grass. At length Rollo saw, at a little distance before them, that the path led through a great red gate, which was open. Beyond the gate was a wood, which looked very pleasant, and Rollo wanted to go there.

"Oh, let us go out through that great gate," said he.

"No, no," said Lucy, "we must not go out of the orchard."

"Why not?" said Rollo.

"Why, Miss Mary said," replied Henry, "that we must not. She said she did not want to have us climb over that great gate; but it is open now; so I suppose we may go."

"No," said Lucy, "we had better not; Miss Mary does not want us to go so far away."

"Why, there is no harm in going so far away," said Rollo, "if the gate is open. I

suppose she was afraid we should tear our clothes, getting over the gate. That is all the reason."

"No, it is not," said a little girl named Anne, who was with them. "She said we could not hear the bell if we were far away."

"Oh yes; we can hear the bell, just over there; it is not but a few steps farther."

"You had better not," said Lucy; "I am going back. Come, Anne."

But Anne sat still upon the grass, pulling out the little pink corollas from the clover tops, and biting off the sweet end; and looking occasionally at Rollo and Henry, who walked along towards the gate. Lucy turned back now and then, as she moved slowly along towards the school-room, and called to Anne; but Anne paid no attention to her.

In the mean time Rollo and Henry came up pretty near the gate, and looked through, but they felt a little afraid to go; so they walked along by the stone wall, looking for berries, until at length they got to playing together, and Henry pulled off Rollo's cap, and laughing very heartily all the time, he threw it away over the wall.

"There, now I have got to go," said Rollo, "to get my cap, and you must go too."

So Rollo and Henry went along together through the gate, and Anne followed them timidly. When they got through, they did not immediately go and get the cap, and come directly back; but they sauntered slowly along, looking at the trees and flowers.

Presently, however, Rollo took up his cap and put it on, just as Henry saw a little squirrel running along upon a log, and the boys concluded to watch him and follow him, so as to find out where his hole was. The squirrel ran along the log, and at the end of it he came to a small tree. He ran up the tree, thence along one of the branches, and at the end of that branch he looked down upon the extremity of a branch from another tree. The children were exceedingly pleased to see how far he could leap, and how dexterously he could seize hold of the slender branch, which bent down very far under his weight; and they followed him along from tree to tree, and from log to log, until they were at some little distance from the cart path.

“Hark! what’s that?” said Anne.

The children all listened; and they heard some footsteps in the path. They looked in that direction, and saw through the trees a

man going along with a yoke of oxen before him. The children stood looking at him a few minutes, and saw that, as soon as the oxen went through into the orchard, the man swung the gate to, and latched it, and then ran along to overtake his oxen, before the children had time to think that they were shut out.

“Now how shall we get home again?” said Anne, walking along towards the gate, and looking as if she was just going to cry.

Rollo and Henry walked along too, pretty fast, as they felt a little anxious, but Rollo said they could get over the gate well enough.

But Anne said she never could climb over that great high gate, and besides, Miss Mary said they never must climb over it.

They went to it and first tried to open it, but they could not move the great heavy iron latch.

“We *must* climb now,” said Rollo; “we cannot possibly get back unless we do.”

They tried to persuade Anne to do it, but she was not accustomed to climbing, and she was afraid. She stepped up one or two bars, but did not dare to go any farther, and when Rollo and Henry tried to lift her up gently, she screamed and cried.

"Let us go and leave her," said Rollo, a little out of patience.

"No," said Henry, "I would not leave her here all alone;" and he looked around as if he did not know what to do.

As he turned around thus, he saw through the woods out towards the main road, and perceived that the road was not very far off, and he proposed that they should go out there and try to get over into the great road, and then walk along in it to the front of the house.

They accordingly walked along, following the wall, and endeavoring to find some place where they might climb over. But the wall was pretty high, and it was made of round and loose stones, and they were afraid it would tumble down upon them if they attempted to climb over. At length, however, they reached the road, and there they found a pair of open bars, so open that they could creep through, and thus they got fairly out into the main road.

Here they thought their troubles were all over, and they proceeded slowly along, until they heard a little bell ringing in the direction of the school-room, and they all looked up and began to walk faster. But in a minute

or two they saw on before them, in the road, a large drove of pigs coming along. This drove was just about opposite to the house that the school-room was in, and there were so many in it that they filled up the road, and the sides of the road, from wall to wall, and they were coming rapidly along.

The children stopped and did not know what to do; but the drove came nearer and nearer, and some of the foremost pigs came running along in advance of the rest, kicking up their heels and squealing, and the children, a good deal frightened, turned and ran, Rollo holding Anne by the hand. They might have crept back under the bars into the wood again, but they forgot that place of retreat until they had passed by it, and so they went on walking fast and running until they came to another farm-house. Here was a large yard by the side of the house, and the children fled into it; for greater safety they mounted up into a large wagon which stood there, and sitting down upon the seat, they watched the drove until it had got by.*

Then they got down from the wagon, and hurried along to school without any further adventures. They found, when they came in, that they were very late. The scholars

* See Frontispiece.

were all at their studies, and one class was reciting. Miss Mary, however, said nothing to them, and they all took their seats and began their studies.

When the scholars had all put away their books that afternoon, just before school was done, Miss Mary said,

“Children, I want you all to attend to me. This afternoon three of the scholars were very late after recess. Something special must have taken place to have kept them out so long. I am going to call upon each of them to tell me the whole story. Now I want you to tell me a plain, straight-forward, honest story, from beginning to end. Anne, as you are the youngest, you may begin.”

Anne stood up immediately, and, with a very honest and innocent face, said,

“Why, please, Miss Mary, we could not get back because the road was so full of pigs.”

At this all the scholars laughed, and even Miss Mary smiled. Presently, however, she said,

“But, Anne, that is not telling me the whole story. I want you to begin at the beginning, and tell me all about it;—where you went, and what you did, and all that happened.”

Anne looked this way and that, a little confused, and then said,

“Why, Miss Mary,—I’ll tell you; we went,—we had to go,—you see,—out in the road; and we could not get along till the pigs went by.”

Here the scholars laughed again, and Miss Mary said that she supposed that Anne was not quite old enough to tell a regular and connected story, and so she would let Henry try. “I wish you to begin at the beginning, Henry, and tell me all about it, from beginning to end.”

“Well,” said Henry, “I will tell you. You see we were playing out in the orchard, out by the two pear trees. Rollo had some wishing grass, and he wanted me to wish with him. And,—and,—I told him that I thought after school I should go and take a ride with my father. And he asked me where, and I told him I thought I should go over the river;—and then we went to catching butterflies, and,—and—”

“But stop a minute, Henry,” said Miss Mary; “you are not going on right, at all. You are not telling me any thing about the cause of your being late. I want you to tell me only what relates to that; and you need

not give all the conversation, and the minute details, but only the important points, so that I can understand who was to blame and how you were to blame."

Henry reflected a moment, and then he said again,

"We were playing out by the great gate, and Rollo was going through to get his cap, and wanted me to go with him; and he told me you would let us go if the gate was open. So I went, and then we could not come back that way, for a man came along and shut the gate. So we had to go out by the road, and there we met all the pigs."

"Now, Rollo, we will hear your story."

"Why, Miss Mary, Henry told me that the reason why you did not want us to go over there, was because we must not climb over the gate; and so I thought as the gate was open we might go; and he threw my cap over, and so I was obliged to go; and then Anne would not come back that way, because the gate was shut; and then we had to go around by the road, and that took us a great while on account of the pigs."

After a short pause, Miss Mary looked up and said, "I am not quite satisfied with either of those accounts."

"That is just the way it was, Miss Mary," said Rollo.

"Do you think you did any thing wrong in going away as you did?"

"Why, Henry threw my hat over," said Rollo.

"That is not what I asked you. Do you think now, in looking back over the whole transaction, that you did any thing wrong?"

Rollo hung his head, and was silent a moment, and then said timidly,

"Why, yes,—I suppose I did."

"But no one would have supposed that you did any thing wrong from your account of it," said Miss Mary.

Rollo was silent.

"And, Henry, do you think, now, that you did any thing wrong?"

"Why—yes," said Henry reluctantly.

"But from your account of the matter, no one would have thought that you were at all in fault.

"Children," said Miss Mary again, speaking to the whole school, "do you know what *ingenuousness* is?"

The children were silent.

Miss Mary looked around the room, and presently saw in one corner a little hand

raised. It was held up by a girl who thought she could tell what it meant.

"What does it mean?" said Miss Mary.
"What is an *ingenuous* boy?"

"It is any body that can make curious things," said the little girl.

"No," said Miss Mary, "you are thinking of *ingenious*. *Ingenious* is another word. An *ingenuous* boy is one who is frank and honest, and open-hearted in relating every thing just as it occurred, especially where he was himself to blame. He does not tell other persons' faults and hide his own, but he would rather tell his own, and say as little as possible of other persons'. Now, children, do you think that these boys have been *ingenuous* or *disingenuous*?"

"*Disingenuous*," said the children.

"Yes; each one has told wherein the other was to blame, and concealed what he did that was wrong himself. I suppose they have not either of them told a falsehood, but they have not been frank and *ingenuous*."

Rollo and Henry felt guilty and hung their heads, and they were expecting that Miss Mary was going to say something more; but presently, when they looked up again, they saw that she was finding the place to read in

the Bible, and soon after she closed the school. The boys then expected that she would speak to them after school, but she did not. So they took their hats and went home.

Rollo felt uneasy and uncomfortable all the evening, and Jonas saw him walking about the yard, looking thoughtful and sober; and so just at sundown, when Jonas was going to the barn, to shut it up and make all snug for the night, he asked Rollo to go with him. Jonas put things in order in the barn, and then untied a horse which was standing there, and asked Rollo to lead him out to the pump to drink. When he had drank, Rollo led him back, and Jonas fastened him into his stall again. Then they went up into the chamber to pitch him down some hay. Rollo sat down at the great window,—the same place where they used to watch their squirrel traps with a spy-glass.

“Well, Rollo,” said Jonas, “and what trouble have you had at school to-day?”

“Trouble!” said Rollo, a little surprised, “no trouble that I know of.”

“A little, I guess,” said Jonas, pitching down another forkfull of hay.

“Why I was late at recess,” said Rollo, “that is all.”

"I knew that something was the matter," said Jonas; "come, tell me all about it."

So Rollo told Jonas all about it, walking around after him, as he went about fastening up the doors. He got through just as Jonas was putting the fid into the staple of the great front doors.

"Is that really the whole story, honestly told?" said Jonas, as they walked along towards the small door where they were to go out.

"Yes," said Rollo. And it was really so, for Rollo had determined that he would not be disingenuous again, and so he told Jonas the whole story honestly and fairly.

"And what are you going to do now?" said Jonas, as they came out of the small door and fastened it up.

"Why,—I don't know." The truth is that Rollo had not thought that there was any thing for him to do.

"I know what *I* would do," said Jonas.

"What?" said Rollo.

"I should go to Miss Mary to-morrow morning, and ask her to let you and Henry try again to tell the story, and see if you cannot do it *ingenuously*."

"I did not think of that," said Rollo.

"You had better do it," said Jonas.

"I think I will," said Rollo.

The next morning Rollo hastened along towards school, so as to get there a little before the time. The children were nearly all there, some sitting at their desks, and some standing around the room. Rollo went up to Miss Mary's desk, and stood still there a few minutes, waiting for an opportunity to speak to her. Presently Miss Mary looked up from her writing and said,

"Well, Rollo, good morning. Do you want to speak to me?"

"Yes, Miss Mary," said Rollo. "I am sorry that I did not tell about our going away more honestly yesterday, and wanted to know if you would let us try again to-day."

"Does Henry wish for an opportunity to try again?"

"I don't know," said Rollo. "He has not come yet, and so I could not ask him."

"Very well," said Miss Mary, "I will see about it."

Accordingly, just before school was done that day, Miss Mary told the scholars that the boys wanted to have an opportunity to tell the story of their going away, again, to see if they could not do it in a more ingenu-

ous manner. She had spoken to Henry about it in the course of the day, and he liked Rollo's plan.

So when all their books were put away, Miss Mary said,

"Now, Henry."

Henry rose and told his story thus :

"We were out there playing, and Rollo wanted to go through the gate; he did not know you had forbidden it. I wanted to go too very much, and I told him that I thought we might go if the gate was open. Lucy was there and told us we ought not to go, and she went away. By and by, I threw Rollo's cap over, and then he and I went to get it. But we did not come back directly. We played around there in the woods, until somebody came along and shut the gate. After that we came home as soon as we could, though it took us a good while, for we had to come round by the road, and there was a drove of pigs coming along, and we had to stop."

"Well, Rollo," said Miss Mary, "now let us hear your account of it."

"We were playing out there, and I wanted to go through the gate; Lucy told me I ought not to, but I tried to persuade Henry to go, and then, when I went over after my cap, I

led him along; and we took Anne with us too. Then we played about there in the woods, looking at a squirrel, until we got shut out, and we could not open the gate, and Anne was afraid to get over, so we came around by the road."

"Very well," said Miss Mary; "now you have told the story very well, both of you. Each of you have told his own faults more distinctly than he did those of the other. That is always the best way. It is much more pleasant than it is to have each one excusing himself and throwing all the blame upon his playmates; which is the way boys very often do."

Late that afternoon, after school, Miss Mary happened to be standing at the little portico of the school-room door, looking out into the orchard, and turning her head in the direction towards the little gate which led towards the spring, she saw among the trees and shrubs the bare head of a little girl, moving about near the gate. She thought at once that it was Dovey, and supposed that she had come to look for her bonnet. Now Rollo had brought the bonnet in, and it was hanging up

upon a nail in the entry, and so Miss Mary took it down and walked out to meet her.

Now Miss Mary was well acquainted with bad children, and knew pretty well how they would be likely to feel and act in almost all situations. She supposed that the reason why Dovey had not come to school that day, was because she had been afraid to, after her bad behavior of the day before. She determined therefore to speak to her kindly now, in hopes that, when she saw she had nothing to fear, she would come to school again. She accordingly went up pretty near to the gate before Dovey saw her, and then called to her in a mild and pleasant voice.

Dovey looked up quite surprised.

"Are you looking for your bonnet?"

"Yes" said Dovey, "I am," and that instant saw that Miss Mary had it in her hand.

"Here it is," said Miss Mary.

Dovey came up timidly to take it, looking as if she expected that Miss Mary was going to seize her.

"Is your mother pretty well to-day?" said Miss Mary, with a pleasant voice, as she handed her the bonnet.

"Yes, ma'am," said Dovey; and she took her bonnet hastily and walked away. She

went directly out through the front gate and disappeared.

Miss Mary hoped, after this, that she should see Dovey at school the next day, but she did not come.



SUBMISSION.

IN one part of the orchard, not far from the garden fence, there stood, or rather reclined, an old pear tree. Many years before, it had been struck with lightning, and split down through the middle. One half had died, and had been long since cut away. The other part had been gradually borne down by the load of its branches and fruit, until some of the large limbs touched the ground, where it rested, the trunk being, for some distance, nearly horizontal.

Now by the side of this tree, in a corner of the orchard, there lay a great heap of brush-wood, which came from the cuttings of the trees when they trimmed them in the spring. The children had asked Miss Mary to let them have these branches to build a bower, by leaning them up against the trunk of the pear tree; and, one recess, they were engaged in doing it. Rollo was master workman, for he had learned to make wigwams and bowers, by working with Jonas in the woods.

So the other children were bringing the

branches along, after pulling them out of the pile, and Rollo was placing them on each side of the stem of the pear tree. The way he placed them was this : he placed the large ends upon the ground, and leaned the tops over against the trunk of the tree, which was about four feet above the ground, and formed a sort of ridge-pole, very convenient for supporting the tops of the branches, which Rollo leaned against it. These branches themselves formed the sides of the bower, and the branches of the pear tree, where they rested upon the ground, formed one end. They left a space open near the root of the tree for a door.

Most of the children who were there were at work helping to build the bower, but there was one boy, not quite so large as Rollo, in a straw hat and striped jacket, who was perched up upon the pear tree, pretty near to the end of the horizontal part of the wood. Rollo recollected having seen him in the school-room, but he did not know his name. He had rather an ill-natured expression of countenance, and he sat idly upon the tree, with his hands in his pockets and his legs dangling below.

At length Rollo stopped a moment from his

work to rest, and, looking up pleasantly towards the boy, said,

"What is your name?"

"Julius," said the boy rather gruffly.

"Should not you like to help us build our bower?" said Rollo.

"No," said Julius.

Rollo, thus repulsed, said no more, but went on with his work. As, however, he gradually advanced along the tree, arranging the branches regularly, he came at length to the place where Julius was, and he asked him if he would be so good as to get down, or else move on among the branches of the pear tree, so that he could finish the bower. But Julius would not move. Some of the other children came up then bringing branches, and began to call upon Julius to get down, but still he would not, and they were fast getting into a dispute about it, when they saw Miss Mary coming.

Miss Mary was coming to see how they were getting along with their bower. When the children saw her, they stopped talking to Julius, and he, being afraid of her, got down from the pear tree, and in a few minutes went away.

Miss Mary seemed quite pleased with the

bower, and helped them finish it. She showed them where it would be well for them to make a window, and even began to make it herself; but before she had got it finished the bell rang, and she immediately left the work and began to move towards the school, the children all following her.

"I am sorry we have not time to finish it," said Francis. "If Julius had not acted so, we should have had it all done."

"I saw Julius," said Miss Mary, "and I shall attend to it."

They went on, talking about their bower, until they reached the school-room, and then they all went in. Rollo observed, about half an hour after this, that Julius was standing at Miss Mary's desk, and that she was talking with him. She looked pleasant, but he hung his head and appeared ill-natured and sullen, and kept biting the corner of his jacket all the time. Rollo thought that Miss Mary was talking to him about his troubling them in the recess, but she did not think he seemed very sorry for his fault.

Rollo noticed Julius after this a good deal more than he had done. He seemed to sit pretty still in his seat, but did not study much. He was idle and dull, playing with

his book or looking about the room. When he came up to read, Rollo observed that he had not smoothed down the corners of his leaves, as all the rest of the children had done with their books, after Miss Mary had talked with them about it. At first Rollo thought that perhaps Julius had not been present when they talked about Doveyism, but then he recollected seeing him walking about after them that day, looking rather sullenly.

The children generally did not like Julius very much, and yet they scarcely knew why. He was not so full of mischief and roguery as Dovey had been, and in fact he did not often trouble them at all, but when he did do wrong he seemed more obstinate and sullen about it. When Miss Mary told the children to put away their books at the close of the school, Julius generally obeyed more slowly, and made rather more noise. And when Miss Mary asked them not to make so much noise, all the rest would generally try to be more still, except Julius, who commonly went on rattling his slate and books about as much as before. The scholars did not notice these things very much, but Miss Mary did. She always noticed very particularly when she observed that any of the children did not appear to *wish* to improve.

After school that day, some of the children came around Miss Mary's desk, and asked her what she supposed had become of Dovey. Miss Mary said that perhaps her mother wanted her, or perhaps she was afraid to come. "I wish," she continued, "that, if any of you see her, you would tell her she need not be afraid to come, for I am not going to punish her."

"But are you not going to send her away from school?" said Henry. "We don't want her to stay."

"I don't know," said Miss Mary; "that depends upon what she has to say."

The children then solemnly assured Miss Mary that they had themselves told her the whole truth about the dipper, and that if Dovey should say any thing different from their account, it would not be true.

"I do not suppose," said Miss Mary, "that Dovey will make out the facts to be different; but what I want to know is, whether she is willing to leave off her bad conduct and try to be a good girl,—or whether she is obstinate and sullen, and going to continue bad."

"There's Dovey now," said Rollo, who had been standing at the window near his desk, looking out. "There,—she has gone."

The children all ran to the window to look. Miss Mary said,

“Come back, children;—come away from the window, all of you.”

They all obeyed except Julius, who still lingered near, and tried to look out, without appearing to do so.

“Come away, Julius,” said Miss Mary.

“I am away,” said Julius, moving a little towards Miss Mary, and slipping down upon a seat. In a moment, however, he was again trying to look out of the window.

Miss Mary then said that she wished the children would all go, and accordingly they put on their things and went away, two or three together, until the school-room was empty and Miss Mary was alone.

Miss Mary then put on her bonnet and walked along towards the woods where Rollo had seen Dovey. She supposed that Dovey had been afraid to come to school, and that accordingly she had been playing around in the woods during school hours, her mother not knowing where she was. Miss Mary was in hopes to find her, and persuade her to come again.

She walked along, therefore, looking out carefully for Dovey. She went through the

gate leading down towards the spring, and then turned off by a path which conducted her to a little grove of maples. Here she soon saw Dovey walking along the path before her, stopping occasionally to gather flowers. Miss Mary quickened her steps until she came pretty near her, and then said,

“Dovey!”

Dovey started at hearing her name called so near, and, turning round, saw Miss Mary. Her first thought was to run, but when she saw how pleasantly Miss Mary looked, her fears were allayed, and she stood still.

“Are there any pretty flowers about here?” said Miss Mary.

“I have found so many,” said Dovey, holding up a few which she had gathered.

“Let me see them,” said Miss Mary; and Dovey came up towards her, and they walked along together, talking about the flowers. After a few minutes Miss Mary said, •

“But, Dovey, why have you not been at school these two or three days?”

“My mother has wanted me at home,” said Dovey, with some little hesitation.

Miss Mary thought that this was probably not true, but she did not say so; she only walked along, and presently she began to talk

with her about her bad conduct the other day, and her conduct generally.

“Don’t people blame you pretty often for something or other, Dovey?”

“Yes, ma’am, pretty often,” said Dovey.

“Your mother blames you, does not she?”

“Yes, ma’am, she’s all the time scolding at me.”

“And other people blame you?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“And the children you play with blame you sometimes, do they not?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Well, now the truth is, Dovey, that you have a good many faults; I think it probable that you get blamed sometimes when you do not deserve it, but I have no doubt that you deserve a good deal of blame. You made a good deal of trouble the first day you came to school. Still I am glad you have come.”

Dovey did not know exactly what to make of this talk, and she did not reply.

“That is, I am glad you have come,” continued Miss Mary, “if you are only willing to try to cure yourself of your faults. You are very young, and you may cure yourself of them entirely if you choose, and I should like to help you. But if you love your faults

and do not wish to be cured of them, why, of course, there is nothing to be done. You must grow up a bad girl."

Dovey continued silent. She did not know what to say. She had been scolded a great deal about her faults and misdemeanors, but she had never heard a kind and friendly conversation before, on the subject of her bad character. Miss Mary perceived, however, that she was making some impression upon her mind, and so she went on explaining to her how much more happily her life would be spent if she would become a gentle, docile, obedient and industrious girl; and she showed her also how great a sin it was to be idle, reckless, selfish, and unkind in her treatment of her playmates, and undutiful to her mother.

Dovey heard it all in silence, and when Miss Mary had finished, and waited to hear what she would say, Dovey walked along a few minutes without speaking a word. Then she looked up into her teacher's face, and said,

"Well, Miss Mary, I will come to school this afternoon, and I *will* be a better girl."

Miss Mary was very glad to hear this declaration, for Dovey made it in a manner apparently so heartfelt and honest, that she

did not doubt she then really meant to try to reform. She thought, however, that she would put her sincerity to the test, by asking her about her absence from school, which she did in these words :

“ Well now, Dovey, I want to ask you one question, and you may do as you please about answering it. But if you do answer it at all, be honest and tell the truth. It is very wicked to tell a lie. If you really wish to improve and to correct your faults, you must always be willing to let me know the exact truth. Now I suppose that your mother has not kept you at home these two or three days past, but that you have staid out in the fields here, playing, because you were afraid to come to school. That is true, isn't it ? ”

Dovey hung her head and was silent ; but presently she said faintly, “ Yes, ma'am.”

“ And your mother supposed all the time that you had been at school ? ”

“ Yes, ma'am,” said Dovey again timidly. “ Shall you tell her ? ”

This last question was rather a perplexing one to Miss Mary. She did not know at the moment what it would be best for her to do. So she told Dovey she should think of it, and would talk with her again in regard to that.

"But now, Dovey," she added, "it is nearly time for you and for me both to go home. You will come now this afternoon, and I shall soon see whether you are really sincere in your plan of being a good girl."

"I will be," said Dovey. "I am determined not to do any thing naughty at all."

"You *will* do a great many things that are naughty," said Miss Mary, "I have no doubt. You cannot alter all your old habits at once. It will take you some time to *learn* to be a good girl; but I shall be patient with you. When you do wrong, I shall kindly tell you of it, and then I can easily ascertain whether you are sincere in your promises now."

"How?" said Dovey.

"Why, if you really wish to correct your faults, you will be glad to have me point them out to you, and so you will be good natured about them, and will try to leave them off at once. But if, on the other hand, you do not care about improving, I shall observe that, when I tell you of any thing wrong, you will be displeased, and out of humor, or you will not show a hearty disposition to leave it off at once. We shall see. Good bye."

Here Miss Mary held out her hand to Do-

vey, and bade her good bye. Then she turned around and went back, while Dovey stood still in the road. In a moment Dovey said,

“Miss Mary, shouldn’t you like these flowers?”

Miss Mary thanked her, took the flowers, and then each went to her own home. When Miss Mary reached the house, she re-arranged the flowers, and placed them in a glass of water over the mantel-piece in the school-room.

That afternoon, just before school, Rollo was sitting upon the platform of the portico, with one or two other boys, playing with some pea-pods which Jonas had given him from the garden. He was making a boat like those which he used to make at home. He had just shaved off the upper edge of the pod, and was counting the peas, or the “sailors,” as he called them, when some of the children said that Dovey was coming. Rollo looked up a moment, and then went on examining his sailors, and considering which one was the biggest, for the captain, when Dovey came up and began to look over him. She had not stood there but a moment, when

she suddenly snatched the pea-pod, sailors and all, out of Rollo's hand, and ran off into the orchard. Rollo was astonished, and very much displeased. He started to run after her, but she had got so far away before he had time even to think what he should do, that there seemed but little probability of catching her, and then, just at that moment, the bell rang, and so he went into school.

Dovey came in soon after, and they all went about their studies. The first class which went to Miss Mary was in Arithmetic. Rollo and Dovey and Julius, and several others, belonged to it. Miss Mary examined the slates and found that they were not clean. Several of them were covered with the remains of old pencil marks, and with various glossy spots, from long handling with the fingers. Julius's and Dovey's were the worst, and Miss Mary gave each of them a piece of wet sponge, and asked them to go to their seats, and rub them clean on both sides, before beginning their work.

Julius went to his seat, muttering to himself that his slate was as clean as he could make it, and clean enough. He, however, passed the sponge lightly over it, and then opened his Arithmetic at the place where the sums were,

put his elbow upon the page and his cheek upon his hand, and, holding his pencil in his other hand, began to look idly about the room.

Dovey went to her seat and began scrubbing her slate with all her strength. Presently she thought that the sponge was not quite wet enough, and so she went to Miss Mary and asked her if she might go out and get some more water. Miss Mary said no; she must do it as well as she could with that sponge, and then go on with her work. Dovey then went to her seat, and laid her slate down upon the desk, and, after rubbing it some time with the sponge, concluded to pour a little ink on to make it more wet. 'Tis true the ink was black, but then that was almost the color of the slate, and so she thought it would make no difference.

But it did make a great deal of difference; for the sponge, as she rubbed it to and fro, inked the frame of the slate, and made it look very badly, and then it covered the whole surface of the slate with an inky coating, which did not show much, it is true, but it was certain to come off upon her hands as soon as she should begin to use it.

When her slate was rubbed enough, she began to look around for something to wipe

it dry. She could not find any thing better, and so she took out her pen, and began to brush over the surface of the slate with that. She found, however, that this did not make it dry, and so she opened her desk to put away her pen again. In doing this her eyes fell upon the pea-pod which she had snatched away from Rollo, and which she had placed in her desk when she came into school.

She took out one of the peas, and put it upon a book which she laid upon her desk, and then, with her pen for a snapper, she snapped it over towards Julius, who sat nearly opposite to her. The pea struck against the window behind Julius, and then bounded forward upon his desk. Julius took it up, laid it upon a book, placed his hand behind it, and drew up his middle finger with his thumb, in order to snap it back again; and just at that moment Miss Mary looked up from a little class who were reciting to her. She had observed the whole transaction, though neither Dovey nor Julius perceived that she saw them.

Miss Mary shook her head very gently at Dovey, with a serious look; and then immediately turned and did the same to Julius.

Dovey immediately opened the lid of her desk and put her pen away, drew up her slate, and seemed to set herself in earnest at work upon her Arithmetic. Her countenance changed too at once. It seemed to say, "Yes, I was playing. It was wrong. I will stop immediately, and go to my studies." Julius, on the other hand, just released his finger from his thumb without snapping it, and spread his hand over the pea, so as to conceal it, and yet holding his hand in a careless position, as if it was there accidentally; and he assumed an unconcerned look, as if he was doing nothing wrong.

"Dovey gives up at once," thought Miss Mary. "That is a good sign. But Julius does not. She yields; he resists. I feel encouraged about her, and discouraged about him; for I see in her *submission*, but in him *pertinacity*."



PERTINACITY.

WHEN the time arrived for closing the school that day, Miss Mary asked the children to put away the books as silently as they could, and prepare to listen to the closing exercises. The children obeyed; but Miss Mary heard a good deal of rattling and noise. Dovey was making some noise on purpose, for the pleasure of hearing it, and Julius and several others made noise *accidentally*, by carelessly tumbling their slates and rules into their desks.

Miss Mary then struck her little bell, and all the scholars stopped their operations to hear what she wished to say. She told them that they made too much noise, and she wished them to be more still. They then began again to put their books in, and all tried to be more still, except Julius, who went on pretty much as before, and when he had got his books in, he folded his arms across upon his desk, and laid his head down upon them. Dovey, after putting her books away, crept down from her chair, and began to pick

up the little bits of paper from the floor. When she had taken up those immediately under her desk, she crept along upon her hands and knees under Henry's and Rollo's, and was just going to prick their ankles a little with a pen for fun, when she heard Miss Mary say,

"Now, children, I want you all to sit upright in your seats, and look at me, and listen to what I have to say."

This recalled Dovey to a sense of the impropriety of her conduct, and she scrambled back to her place. Rollo and Henry heard her and looked down, and they could hardly help laughing, though they thought she was a very naughty girl indeed. Julius paid no attention to what Miss Mary said, but kept his head down as before.

"Sit up, Julius," said Miss Mary.

Julius raised his head slowly and reluctantly, and turned sideways a little, so as to look away from Miss Mary.

"Turn this way, Julius," said Miss Mary, pleasantly. "I want all the children to look towards me and hear what I am going to say."

Julius turned round a little towards Miss Mary, but moved his eyes as far as he could away from where she was sitting.

The rest of the children looked towards her attentively, and she began thus:—

“I have been thinking, for some days past, that perhaps it will be necessary for me to send one of the scholars away from school.”

Here a little girl, who sat on a low seat before Miss Mary, suddenly looked up; her eye brightened, she clapped her hands gently, and said, almost aloud,

“Oh, I am glad of it.”

“Why are you glad of it, Jenny?” said Miss Mary.

Jenny looked a little abashed when she found she had spoken so loud; but she answered timidly,

“Because she pushes me down.”

“She? who?” said Miss Mary.

“Dovey,” said the little girl.

The truth was, Jenny had heard the scholars proposing to Miss Mary to send Dovey away from school, and as Dovey had been rude and rough to her once or twice in the recess, she was glad when she heard Miss Mary say she was going to send one of the scholars away. She had no doubt that Miss Mary meant Dovey. All the scholars thought so too.

“But it is not Dovey that I am thinking of sending away,” said Miss Mary.

Here all the scholars looked surprised, and some a little disappointed. They began to look around the room, wondering who it could be. They could not think of any scholar who was so troublesome as Dovey. In fact there was not any, and if Miss Mary had been influenced solely by the consideration of present trouble, in sending away one of her scholars, Dovey would undoubtedly have been the one to go. +

"I *did* think that I should probably have to send Dovey away, and I do not know but that I shall have to do it yet," said Miss Mary, "but I am in hopes I shall not. I suppose, however, you all think that Dovey is worse than any other child in the school."

"Yes, ma'am," said the children.

"I don't know but that is true," said Miss Mary. "I do not think that there is any one who does so many mischievous and troublesome things; and yet there is a very good reason why I should not send her away at present."

The children looked surprised, but they did not speak.

"Do you know what a *hospital* is?" said Miss Mary.

The children did not know.

“It is a large institution where sick persons are taken in to be healed. They have rooms for them, and beds, and good physicians and medicines; and as soon as they get well they go away. Also, if they find that they do not get any better, and there is no prospect that they will get better, they are then generally sent away to their home and friends again, because it would do them no good to stay any longer.”

The children listened to this very attentively, and, after a moment's pause, Miss Mary continued.

“Now there were once two sick boys admitted to a hospital together,—James and John. James was quite sick; but John was a great deal sicker. He was very sick indeed. They remained a week or two, and John, who was the sickest, began to get better, but James was not any better at all, and there was no prospect that he ever would be. Now which one of these do you suppose the governor of the hospital would send back to his friends?”

“John,” said the children.

“But James was the sickest.”

“Yes, but he was getting better,” said one of the children.

"That is right," said Miss Mary. "A sick person who is getting better is called a *convalescent*. I want you all to say CONVALESCENT."

So all the children spoke the word.

"*Con-va-les-cent*," said Miss Mary again, very slowly and plainly; she wished to make them perfectly familiar with the word.

"On the other hand," continued Miss Mary, "a sick person who is *not* getting any better, and shows no signs that he ever will, is called an *incurable*."

"Then will he die?" said Henry.

"Perhaps so, or he may continue to live, sick, a long time.

"Now if I were the governor of a hospital, perhaps I should send away the incurables, unless I had good accommodations for keeping them without injury to the other patients; but I should be very unwilling to send away the convalescents, until they had got well."

The children did not say any thing, but they all thought that they should do so too.

"Now a school," resumed Miss Mary, "is in some respects like a hospital. Children are sent here partly to be cured of their faults and improved in character. If any children have bad characters, they may be

said to be morally diseased or sick, and I want to cure them.

“Now if a very bad boy should come into this school, with a great many faults and bad traits of character, if I found that he was willing to give up his faults, and to try to improve, I should consider him convalescent; and I would not send him away, even if his faults were very numerous and troublesome indeed.

“But if, on the other hand, he seemed to love his faults and cling to them, and when I told him of them was sullen and ill-humored, and would not try to correct them, then it would do no good, but only occasion useless trouble, to have him remain. So I should very probably consider him an incurable and send him away.”

“Am I an incurable?” asked Francis.

“Perhaps I had better not answer that question directly, but I will tell you the marks of an incurable; and then you can all judge for yourselves. But, after all, I do not think that *incurable* is the best word, on the whole, for that means a patient who never can get well, whereas I mean one who is growing worse rather than better now. A boy may be growing worse rather than bet-

ter now, and yet he may possibly begin to grow a good boy by and by."

"What shall we call them then?" said Rollo.

"I hardly know," said Miss Mary. "If the physicians only had a general name for their patients who are growing worse, and another for those who are getting better, they would be just the words.

"However, we will not stop to look up names for them. There are some scholars in this school who seem desirous to improve. When I tell them of their faults, they are good-natured about it, and try to correct them. When I give them any directions, they obey *cordially* and *willingly*. When I point out anything to them which is wrong, they seem willing to change it at once and fully."

Just then, while Miss Mary was speaking, the children heard the sound of music at a distance, and they all began to listen. Miss Mary stopped to listen too, for she knew that it was hardly reasonable to expect that the children could attend very profitably to her advice and instructions while music was coming.

"Hark! what is that?" said Miss Mary.

"Music," said some of the children, starting up.

“It is coming here, Miss Mary,” said Francis. “I *wish* you would let me go out and hear it.”

Some of the children stood up and tried to look out of the window, others sat still listening, their eyes beaming with delight. Julius leaned his head as far out of the window as he could, trying to see; and, an instant after, as the music advanced round a corner, and the sound burst out more loud and full, Dovey, who had evidently been, from the first, very much excited, could contain herself no longer, but she jumped up, exclaiming, “Oh, here they come, here they come,” and darted off out of school.

“Children,” said Miss Mary, “I want you all to take your seats and look at me.”

The children obeyed. Some turned around rather slowly and reluctantly; but yet all obeyed, except Julius, who still kept his head out of the window.

“Julius,” said Miss Mary, “take your seat.”

Julius slowly took in his head and sat down. He looked, however, very much out of humor, and he leaned his elbow upon his desk and his cheek upon his hand in such a manner as to turn his face still to the window, and thus he continued to look out.

"Sit still now and listen to me. Rollo, you may go out and call Dovey in, and then you may go into the road and see what the music is. I presume, from the sound, that it is a man with an organ. If it is, ask him to come inside of the gate, and wait a few minutes, until the school is dismissed, and that then we should like to have him play a little."

Miss Mary had some doubt whether Dovey would come in. She thought, however, that if she should do so, it would be pretty good proof she meant to obey Miss Mary and be a better girl.

When Rollo went out upon the stone step, he found that Dovey had gone into the road, and he went on after her. There was an old blind man there, and a boy with him, and the blind man was playing upon an organ. Dovey was standing by the side of them, looking at the organ and hearing the music.

"Oh come, Rollo, come," said Dovey as soon as she saw him.

"Miss Mary says that you must come in."

"Did she?" said Dovey; "well, I shan't come—yes I will, too, I'll go right in."

So she left the musician, and went through the gate, and ran off to the school-room.

Rollo gave his message to the organist, and

he stopped playing, and came inside of the gate. Rollo wanted to stop and see the golden pipes which were on the outside of the organ, but he thought it would perhaps be better not to do it, so he went directly back into the school-room and took his seat.

In the mean time the music had ceased, and the children were able once more to attend to Miss Mary. She said that she had but a very little more to say upon the subject at that time, and that was, that the trait of character which she had been describing, that is, the one which children exhibited when they were disposed to cling to their faults and persist in them, was called sometimes *pertinacity*.

"Pertinacity," she added, "is adhering to and persisting in what is wrong when it is pointed out. A little child once was sitting at the table, and began to play with the teapot handle. His mother told him he must not play with the teapot. He took his hand away a minute, and then reached it out again and touched it with the tip of his finger, looking up at the same time at his mother to see if she was observing him. She shook her head and told him to take his hand away. He took it away a little, but let it lie on the table with

his finger pointed towards the teapot. Now that is pertinacity; an unwillingness to give up when wrong. We see it in a thousand cases in school. Sometimes I see a boy holding his book before his mouth and whispering behind it to his next neighbor. I look at him and shake my head, meaning that he must not do so. He sees me, but he keeps his book up just as before, and tries to look unconcerned as if he had not been doing anything wrong. Then when I look away he begins whispering again. That is pertinacity. Dovey ran out of school a short time ago. That was very wrong; but when I sent for her she came in again immediately. She did not persist in her wrong. It is so generally when I tell her of her faults. I have hope of her, therefore, that she will be cured of her faults, and I shall not therefore at present send her away from school. If I send any one away, it will be some one who persists in the wrong that he does, even if the wrong things are not half as disorderly and troublesome as Dovey's."

The children did not know who it was that Miss Mary had in mind; each one recollected that he himself had often shown a disposition to conceal or defend or persist in his faults, in-

stead of frankly and openly giving them up; but they all determined to do so no more; that is, all except Julius, who looked ill-natured and sullen as before, and still tried to sit in such a position as to look out of the window, to endeavor to see the organ.

After this, Miss Mary closed the school, and then she and all the children went out and gathered around the organ. The old man played them several tunes, and one of them was a tune that the children knew; so Miss Mary proposed that he should play it again and that the children should sing it. They accordingly did so, and they enjoyed it very much. Afterwards Miss Mary gave the man a little money, and asked him also to go into the house and get something to eat. Then all the children went slowly away.

Mar 25

O R D E R .

FOR some weeks after this, things went on very quietly and smoothly in school, and Rollo began to make rapid progress in his studies. He did not attend to *many* studies, for his father preferred to have him go on as rapidly as possible in his Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic. He used to read in his class every morning, immediately after the commencement of the school, and then, for half an hour, study his spelling lesson. After that he worked upon his Arithmetic almost all the forenoon. He generally wrote in his writing-book for half an hour just before the school was ended.

Jonas used to talk with him occasionally in the evenings about his various pursuits and plans in school. Jonas advised him to be very systematic and orderly in all that he did,—to keep his desk perfectly neat and well arranged, and to have as many conveniences for study as he could, so as to make rapid progress. Jonas said that when he went to school the boys wasted half their time in

looking for lost things, asking where the lesson began, going out after a drink or a wet sponge, or asking for ink, or a ruler, or a pencil.

Rollo accordingly took a great deal of pains to arrange his desk, and to put every thing in it which he wanted. The things which he wanted to use most he placed in front, where his hand would fall upon them readily. His ruler and his little leaden plummet were placed there. He had also a little shallow box, made of pasteboard, which his mother had given him, and in this he kept his slate pencils, his piece of india rubber, a small lead pencil, and his erasing apparatus. His erasing apparatus was something which Jonas had made for him. Jonas said that when he went to school the boys would sometimes make a mistake in writing, and then would try to scratch it out with a penknife. But this would make a sort of blister on the paper, as if a drop of water had fallen upon the place, Then when they began to write over the place it would blot, and thus generally the spot looked worse than it would have done if they had let the mistake remain. So he said the master made an erasing apparatus, to prevent all this.

"Erasing?" said Rollo, when Jonas told him this,— "what is erasing?"

"It is rubbing out,—erasing means rubbing out."

"How was the apparatus made?" said Rollo.

"Why, first, we had a piece of tin, about as big as my hand," said Jonas, "very smooth."

"What was that for?" said Rollo.

"It was to put under the paper when we want to scratch anything out," said Jonas, "because it is necessary to have something smooth and hard. The reason why the boys commonly make a swelled spot is, that they have something a little soft under the leaf, such as the other leaves of the writing-book, or the baize of their desks, and then the paper *gives* a little as the edge of the knife passes to and fro, and this puffs it out."

"We might put a book under it," said Rollo; "a book cover is hard."

"Not very," said Jonas. "The leather is soft and yields a little; and besides, a book is so thick and clumsy that you cannot very well get it between the leaves."

"A slate is smooth and hard enough," said Rollo.

"Yes, but the frame is in the way, and prevents the leaf lying down smoothly on it."

"Then a slate without any frame would do?" said Rollo.

"Yes, but that would be likely to have pencil marks and dust on it, which would come off upon the paper. Yet I suppose if a slate had no frame, and was perfectly clean, it would do very well. But a small piece of tin is better after all.

"Besides this piece of tin," said Jonas, "the master had a very sharp knife, which he kept with the tin, and never used it for anything else. And so whenever any of us had made a mistake, we used to go to the master and get his erasing apparatus, and we could generally take it out very neatly."

So Jonas made Rollo an erasing apparatus. He picked up a piece of tin at the door of a tinman's. He contrived to make it square in this way. First he marked a square upon it with a ruler and an awl. Then he put the irregular edges one after the other into a very narrow crack in the barn floor, taking care to have the tin go down just to the mark that he had made on each side. Then he bent the tin back and forth, until it broke off very near these marks. Then he smoothed the edges

by grinding them on the grindstone. Jonas held them on square while Rollo turned. Thus he made the tin.

Now Rollo had a broken knife blade which his father had given him one day, and which he kept in a little box of playthings up stairs. Jonas contrived to fix this into a handle of walnut wood, which he got from the wood-pile, splitting it out with an axe and then fashioning it with a knife and a file, and afterwards smoothing it with sand-paper. He dyed it, too, black, with some dye he had, and rubbed, afterwards, hard, with something he had in a bottle, which gave it a smooth, glossy look. He told Rollo that the blade was not fastened in strong enough to cut wood, or even to mend a pen, but that it would do very well for erasing.

Rollo was very much pleased with his erasing apparatus, and promised never to use the knife for any other purpose than the one for which it was intended. He carried it to school, and kept it, with his other small articles, in the little shallow box which we have already spoken of.

His books he placed in the back side of his desk, standing them up upon their edges, so that he might take out one without disturbing

the rest. He had a pen-wiper, which he had made himself, in one corner, and a piece of black cloth, of an oblong shape, which his mother had given him to lay his pen upon. He was always careful to wipe his pen before putting it away, but this cloth was an additional precaution, to prevent his inking the sheet of blue paper which he had spread over the bottom of his desk. On one of the legs of his desk, underneath, he fixed two little brass knobs, one to hang his satchel upon, and the other for his slate; for his slate took up a great deal of room in his desk, and then it made a great deal of noise taking it out and putting it in. So he had a place to hang it up below.

Rollo always kept his desk neat outside also. He did not allow his books and papers to accumulate there, but always put away every one as soon as he had done with it. The consequence was that his desk always looked neat and pleasant. The other children used to love to look into it and to see his things.

One day several of the boys were standing about Rollo's desk in recess. He had a picture of a good boy studying his lesson diligently in school. It was a picture which Jo-

Mar 30

nas had given him, for an example, as he said. Rollo brought it to school, and showed it to Miss Mary, and asked her if he might keep it in his desk. The boys now were standing about Rollo's desk, looking at this picture of the good scholar.

"You was a fool to show it to Miss Mary," said Julius.

"Why?" asked Rollo.

"Because it was as like as not that she would take it away from you."

"No she would not,—take it away from him," said Henry.

"She might have told him to carry it home," said Julius; "but if you had just put it in your desk without saying anything, she would never have known anything about it."

The boys were talking in a low voice, and Miss Mary was busy in another part of the room, and they supposed that she did not hear them. But she did hear them; and she listened to hear what Rollo would say to this. But Rollo did not say anything. He knew that this would have been wrong, but he did not know exactly what to say, so he was silent, and all the boys were silent, so that there was a pause in the conversation.

Miss Mary then spoke herself and said,

"Now I think, Julius, that Rollo was very wise to ask my permission to keep the picture here, for now he feels that he has a full right to do so. If he had not asked me, he would have had a secret feeling that he was wrong, and would have had to hide the picture whenever he saw me coming. He would have been all the time afraid that I should find out that he had it; and so the picture, instead of being a source of enjoyment, would only have made him anxious and uneasy."

The children were surprised to perceive that Miss Mary had heard them. Rollo was pleased, but Julius looked ashamed. Rollo was very glad that he had shown Miss Mary the picture.

"I am going to fasten it up," said he, "upon the inside of the lid of my desk, exactly in the middle, and then every time I open the desk I shall see it."

"How shall you fasten it?" said Henry.

"With little bits of wafers upon the corners."

Rollo then took out from his shallow box a little paper, which was folded up neatly, and, after opening it, he took out a wafer. With his knife he cut it into quarters, and then went and asked Miss Mary if she had

any objection to his wafering his picture up upon the under side of his lid. She said she had not, and he accordingly fastened it there, exactly in the middle.

"How beautifully your desk looks," said one of the girls who were standing by. "I can't keep mine in order, possibly."

"Can't?" said Rollo; "why not?"

"Oh, I don't know. I put it in beautiful order a week or two ago, when Miss Mary talked with us about it, and now it looks shockingly."

"I am determined I will have mine in order," said Dovey. "I mean to fix it every week. Saturday will be a good day."

"That never will do," said Rollo; "you can't keep it in order so."

"Then I will put it in order every day," said Dovey.

"That won't do either," said Rollo.

"Then I will put it in order every half day, forenoon and afternoon, in the recess."

"No you won't," said Rollo.

"Yes I will," said Dovey.

"I tell you you won't," said Rollo. "You never will keep your desk in order so."

"How do you know?" said Dovey.

"Because people can't keep their things in

order by putting them in order often,—they must not let them get out of order at all.”

“Who told you that?” said Dovey.

“Jonas,” said Rollo.

“I knew somebody told you. I knew you could not find it out yourself.”

Rollo felt a little provoked to hear Dovey speak so; he concluded, however, that he had better be good-natured about it, and was going to tell something more which Jonas had said about order, when suddenly he saw that Dovey had his erasing knife, which she had taken up from the desk, and was just going to cut off the top of a pen with it. He instantly reached out his hand to take it away, but before he could do so Dovey gave the stroke, the blade broke from the handle and dropped upon the floor.

At this instant the bell rung. This bell, which indicated the close of the recess, was the signal for the scholars to stop their talk and play, instantaneously, and take their seats. The group around Rollo's desk were silent in a moment. Rollo took up the parts of his knife and tried to put them together, looking reproachfully at Dovey, who slowly moved backwards towards her seat, with a countenance expressive of great concern. The rest

of the children went away, looking back towards Rollo's desk, as they one by one went to their seats, and Rollo himself put the pieces of his erasing knife into his desk, shut down the lid, laid his arm upon it, and rested his forehead upon his arm. His eyes were filled with tears.

At first he felt very much vexed and provoked with Dovey for breaking his knife, but then he soon reflected that she probably did not intend to break it. It was an accident, and did not proceed from any ill will or intention to injure him. He thought, also, that probably Jonas would be able to fix it in again as well as before; so he dried his tears, and began to attend to his studies.

Dovey felt very sorry to think that she had broken Rollo's knife, but she did exactly the wrong thing about it. As soon as school was done, feeling a little ashamed to see or speak to Rollo, she went out immediately, and walked off directly home. This was very unwise. It would have been a great deal better if she had come to Rollo at once, and told him that she was very sorry that she had broken his knife, and offered to do anything in her power to repair the damage. This

would have soothed Rollo's feelings very much, and it would have relieved Dovey's mind too.

When Rollo came to school the next morning, with his slate under his arm, he found Henry and some other children sitting on the stone step before the door of the school-room. They had their heads together, and appeared to be looking very intently at something which Henry had, who was sitting in the middle of the group, the rest crowding thickly around him.

"Boys, what have you got there?" asked Rollo as he came in at the gate.

"Oh, here comes Rollo," said Henry; "he will do it for us."

As Rollo came up, he saw that it was a mouse trap. There was a mouse hole in a little closet in the school-room, and once or twice the children had seen the mouse creeping out sily into the room. One of the children, who had a mouse trap, had asked Miss Mary if he might bring it to school, and try to catch him, and she had consented. So the boy had brought the trap.

It was a wire trap, with a little swinging door, so contrived that the mouse could creep in, but, once in, could not get out again.

This door was, however, out of order a little, and would not open, and Henry was trying some way to put the bait in. He found it difficult, however, and he was very glad to see Rollo coming, for he thought that he could do it better.

Rollo stood looking at it a moment, while Henry showed him the difficulty, and asked him if he thought he could make the door open.

"Yes, we must bend that wire in a little there. Here, if you will take my slate and carry it in, I will try."

Henry took the slate, and Rollo took the trap. Henry stopped a moment to see how Rollo would do it, and then put the slate down upon the stone behind him.

"But you must carry my slate in," said Rollo.

"Oh, let it lie there a minute," said Henry. "I will carry it in presently."

"No, that is not its place," said Rollo. "I must not let it stay there."

And he began to put down the trap, in order to carry the slate in himself.

But Henry took it up again, saying, "Well, I will carry it in, for I want you to mend the trap quick, so that we can set it before school."

Henry accordingly took the slate in, and just as he was disappearing through the door, Rollo called to him to hang it up upon the nail under his desk. Then Rollo sat down and began to work upon the trap.

In a minute Henry returned and began to look over Rollo.

"Did you carry my slate in?" said Rollo.

"Yes," said Henry.

"And did you hang it on the nail?"

"No," said Henry; "I did not see any nail, and so I just slipped it into your desk."

"Oh, that never will do," said Rollo; "that is not the place."

"Well, never mind now; you can put it on the nail when you go in."

But Rollo seemed unwilling to leave it so. He laid down the trap and went in to put his slate where it belonged. Presently he returned again, and began once more upon the trap.

"Now you will not have time to get it mended and set before school," said Henry. "Why could you not let it stay so a little while?"

"Oh, because," said Rollo, "it would break the charm."

"Break the charm!" said Henry, with a tone of contempt.

"Yes," said Rollo, "it would break the charm."

"What do you mean by breaking the charm?" said one of the girls, who was standing by.

"Why, Jonas told me that the only way to keep things in order, is *never* to put anything down, even for a minute, out of its place; it breaks the charm, and then pretty soon every thing gets out of order."

"Is that it?" said the girl.

"Yes, that's it exactly," said a voice behind the children, which sounded like Miss Mary's. The children looked round, and saw Miss Mary looking at them out of the window.

"Jonas has got the philosophy of it, exactly," she continued. "But who is Jonas, Rollo?"

"He is the boy that lives at our house."

"Oh,—I recollect now; I have seen him. Is he a good boy?"

"Yes," said Rollo; "he is a very good boy."

"And he taught you how to keep things in

order;—but what was that that he said about breaking the charm? Tell me again.”

“Why,” said Rollo, “one day, just after father had got his new toolhouse done, Jonas and I put in all the garden tools into it, all in fine order; and then, just as we were coming away, we looked around to see how beautifully it looked, and Jonas said, ‘There, that is complete, and now it will be a very handsome toolhouse, if we only look out well and do not break the charm.’ And I asked him what he meant by that, and he said that the first time he or I came and put a tool down any where but in its right place, it would break the charm, and that pretty soon it would all go to confusion; but that if we never put one down except in the right place, the charm would hold, and the toolhouse keep in order of itself forever.”

“What,—*forever*?” said a little boy who stood by, in a tone of great surprise.

“Yes, forever,” said Rollo, positively.

“Would it, Miss Mary?” said the little boy, appealing to her.

“Why, you can try it,” said Miss Mary, “in your desk. You can put it all in order, and then be very careful never to put any thing down, even for an instant, out of its

proper place, and see how long it will be before you will have to put it in order again."

The children had all been so much interested in this conversation, that they had almost forgotten the trap. Rollo had held it in his hand, but both he and the others had been looking around at Miss Mary; and now the bell rang for them all to go into school. They accordingly put the trap down by side of the portico, and all went in.

Now Miss Mary knew that Dovey had broken Rollo's knife the day before, and she thought that it would afford her a very good opportunity to see whether she was disposed to do her duty, when she knew what it was, or was inclined *pertinaciously* to cling to her faults. So she read that morning at prayers a passage from the Old Testament, which contained, among others, the following verses

"If a man shall cause a field or vineyard to be eaten, and shall put in his beast and shall feed in another man's field; of the best of his own field, and of the best of his own vineyard, shall he make restitution.

"If a fire break out and catch in thorns, so that the stacks of corn, or the standing corn, or the field be consumed therewith, he that kindled the fire shall surely make restitution."—Ex. 22: 5, 6.

From these verses she made some remarks

about the duty of making restitution, when we do an injury to any person, whether the injury were done accidentally or on purpose. She explained to the children that the first verse related to *intended* and the latter to *accidental* injuries.

“We can make restitution in various ways,” she said. “If we injure or destroy anything belonging to any other person, we can, perhaps, give them another just like it, if we have one; or we can pay them in money; or we can, perhaps, help get it mended: or if we cannot do any of these things, we can, perhaps, give them something else, or do something for them which will repay them.”

Miss Mary made some other remarks of a similar kind. The children listened to them very attentively, and several of them thought of Rollo's knife. Henry determined that in the recess he would tell Dovey that she ought to *make restitution* to Rollo.

Accordingly, when they were sitting out upon the step, working on the trap, Henry said, “Dovey, didn't you know you ought to pay Rollo for breaking his knife?”

“I haven't got any money,” said Dovey.

“Then you ought to give him something else,” said Henry.

"But I have not got anything else to give him," said Dovey.

"Not anything?"

"No, not anything," said Dovey, thinking, -- "I wish I had. I have not got anything but my knife handle, and that is not good for anything at all."

"Let me see it," said Rollo.

So Dovey went into the school-room and opened her desk, and took out a small calico bag. She put her hand into her bag, and took out from it a penknife handle. The blade was gone entirely, but the handle was whole and good.

"Oh, that is a good handle," said Rollo. "Where did you get it?"

"A boy gave it to me. You may have it if you want it."

"Well," said Rollo, "I should like it very much, and Jonas will fix my blade into it; then it will make a good knife,—a great deal better than my old one."

He then went into the school-room to get his knife blade, to see whether it would fit.

Now there was at the end of this blade, as there is, in fact, in all penknife and jack-knife blades, a square projection, with a small hole through it. This part is made to go into

the end of the handle, and there is a small hole in this part of the handle, so that, when the blade is put in properly, the hole in the end of the handle will come exactly opposite to the hole in the end of the blade. Then a short piece of wire is put through, which keeps the handle and blade together, but the blade will open and shut by turning round on this wire. Then the ends of the wire are hammered down a little, to prevent its slipping out. The wire is called a rivet. We can generally see the ends of the rivet, at the opposite sides of a knife handle, at the end where the blade is inserted.

Rollo tried the blade to the handle, but was very sorry to find that it would not fit. The hole in the blade did not come near to the holes in the handle. So he thought that Jonas would not be able to put it in.

"You had a knife blade the other day, Julius," said a boy; "where is it?"

"In my pocket," said Julius.

Julius was sitting on the step at this time, with his hands in his pockets, but made no move.

"Let us see it, won't you?"

Julius made no answer, and did not move.

"You ought to give Rollo your knife

blade,' said a little girl, very timidly, "for it was you that broke his knife."

"I say I didn't," said Julius.

"You did. I saw you."

"I tell you I didn't," said Julius. But he felt guilty and self-condemned, and he got up and walked away.

The children then asked the girl what she meant; and she said that she saw Julius go to Rollo's desk the morning before, just before school began, and take out the knife. She said he looked at it a little while, and then began to cut the desk with it; but in a moment she heard a crack, and the knife blade appeared bent away back against the handle. Julius took it out, and, after looking at it a moment, fixed it back again in its place, and then put the knife back into the desk, and went away.

This was true. Julius had cut so hard with the knife as to pry out the blade, splitting the handle a little, and this was the crack that this girl had heard. When Dovey took it, therefore, it was all ready to drop out, and did so as soon as she began to cut the pen. The children went in to look at the knife handle again, and found the little split. They

also found the place upon the desk which Julius had cut with it.

Julius stood by his desk at the other side of the room, eyeing the children with a fierce, ill-natured look, while they were examining the proofs of his guilt. Dovey was very glad to find that she had not actually broken the knife, but she said that Rollo might have her old handle, notwithstanding, for she had had it a good while and was tired of it.

Henry then went over to Julius, and said, "You ought to give Rollo your blade, Julius, for it *was* you that broke his knife."

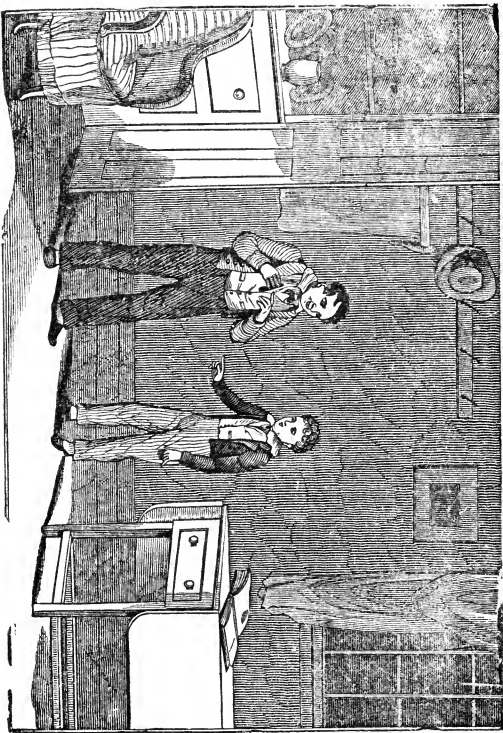
"I shan't," said Julius.

"Why, you broke his knife, and you ought to make restitution; Miss Mary said so."

"I don't care," said Julius; and he got up sullenly and walked away.

He said this in a low voice, and there were other children talking in various parts of the room, and so no one heard it. Henry came back to Rollo, and told him that Julius still refused to give him his blade.

"Never mind," said Rollo. "Perhaps Jonas can find some way to fit mine in." So he rolled up his two handles and his own blade in a paper, and put them in his pocket.



So he showed Rollo the spring.



and then they all went out and resumed their work upon the mouse trap.

They succeeded, at length, in mending the door so that it would open and shut easily, and then Miss Mary gave them permission to go round to the kitchen and get a little piece of cheese for bait. They then carefully set the trap in the corner of the closet, and immediately afterwards the bell rang for the close of the recess, and they all took their seats again and resumed their studies.

That evening Rollo carried his new handle to Jonas, and asked him if he thought he could fix it in.

Jonas looked at it and said, after trying to put the parts together, that he thought the blade would fit that handle exactly.

"Why, no," said Rollo; "the holes don't come right."

"That is because the spring is not crowded back," said Jonas.

So he showed Rollo that the spring, which runs along the back of the handle, had sprung itself in, beyond its proper place, and that when the blade was in it would force it back, so as to bring the holes just about opposite to each other.

When, however, he came to measure more
*f**

exactly, he found that the square part of the blade was a little too wide after all; for when the spring was forced back it did not bring the hole in the blade exactly into a line with the holes in the handle.

"It must be filed a little," said Jonas.

"Can you do it by filing it?" said Rollo.

"I think so," said Jonas; and they both went together to the barn after a file.

Jonas found a little three-cornered file in its place, by a small workbench, in the barn, and, holding the square part of the blade down upon the bench, he began to file it.

But the file seemed to slip back and forth over the steel, without taking hold at all.

"It is too *hard*," said Jonas, stopping the file, and looking at the blade.

"What shall you do now?" said Rollo.

"I must soften it."

"Soften it?" said Rollo; "how can you soften it?"

"I shall heat it red hot and then let it cool slowly, and that will soften it."

"Will it?" said Rollo; "will it make it very soft?"

"Not very soft indeed; but soft enough for me to file it."

"How soft?" said Rollo.

"Why, almost as soft as iron."

"Iron!" said Rollo; "why, I think iron is very hard,—very hard indeed."

"Oh no," said Jonas. "It is not nearly as hard as steel, especially this *hardened* steel."

Jonas then took a nail, which he said was of iron, and showed Rollo that he could file that very easily; but the file would make scarcely any impression upon the steel.

"What do they make blades so very hard for?" said Rollo.

"They will cut a great deal better, and keep sharp longer."

"Well, then, you will spoil the blade if you soften it," said Rollo.

"No," said Jonas; "I shall only soften this square part."

"Yes, but when you heat that all the rest will become hot too."

"No," said Jonas; "you will see how I shall prevent that. I will show you after supper."

Accordingly, after supper Rollo came out into the kitchen, and Jonas took the blade, and also a long narrow strip of brown paper. He rolled the paper over and over the blade, a great many times, leaving the square part out. Thus at length all that part of the blade

which had the sharp edge upon it was enveloped in many folds of brown paper, while the square part was exposed. He then tied a string around the paper, and dipped it into water, so as to wet it thoroughly. Next he drew out a few burning coals upon the hearth, and laid the square part upon them, covering it over completely with burning coals. Then he kept dropping water upon the part covered with brown paper, and thus kept it wet, so that it could not get much heated. In a short time the square part became red hot, and then he took it away from the coals and let it cool slowly. In this way it became so soft that he could easily file it, and thus he soon fitted it into its place, without farther difficulty.

Jonas then put a piece of wire through the holes, and filed off the ends pretty near to the handle on each side. He then hammered down the ends, and thus made little heads to the rivet, which prevented its coming out. Rollo then found that the blade would open and shut like any other knife, and he determined to carry it to school the next day and show it to Dovey.

TITLE TO PROPERTY.

Two very serious questions arose the next day in school, relating to the title to property. These difficulties occurred in the following manner.

When Rollo came to school in the morning, scarcely any of the children were there. He was so much interested in showing Dovey and Henry his new knife, that he walked very fast, and so he got there quite early.

So he sat down upon the stone step, and began to make a whistle upon the end of a willow shoot, which he had cut by the way. He sloped off the end for the mouth piece, cut round the bark at a proper distance, made the little notch for the wind hole, as he called it, and had just laid the work across his knee and began to pound it with the handle of his knife, to make the bark come off easily, when he saw Dovey coming along the road.

He immediately jumped up and went to meet her, with his whistle stick in one hand, and holding out his knife in the other.

“See, Dovey, see what a beautiful knife

Jonas has made for me out of your old handle."

"Let me see it," said Dovey, taking the knife. "Why!—it will open and shut, won't it. What a beautiful knife!" So saying, Dovey shut it up, and then began to try to open it again.

"Here, I'll open it," said Rollo, trying to take it.

"No," said Dovey, holding it, and turning away from Rollo, "I will open it myself."

So Dovey turned around away from Rollo, and began to open the knife, and at the same time slowly walked along.

Rollo followed her, and presently heard Dovey shut the knife up again.

"Come, give it to me," said Rollo. "I want to finish my whistle."

"No," said Dovey, at the same time turning round so as to face Rollo, but holding the knife behind her back.

"Why, it is mine," said Rollo.

"No it isn't," said Dovey.

"Yes it is," said Rollo; "you gave me the handle, because you broke my knife, and the blade was mine before."

"No, it turned out that I did not break your knife, and so that goes for nothing."

"But you gave it to me again, after you knew that Julius broke my knife."

"I didn't."

"You did."

"I say I didn't."

"Here comes Henry; I'll leave it to him," said Rollo: for just at this moment Henry was coming in at the gate.

Dovey moved back a little, and still held the knife behind her. Henry came up, and Rollo asked him if Dovey did not give him the handle, the day before, after she knew that Julius broke his knife.

"Yes," said Henry, "she did. She gave it to you, at first, *before* we found out that, but afterwards she said she did not care, and you might have it."

"Well, I don't care if I did," said Dovey; "I did not mean you should have it to keep for your own."

So saying, Dovey walked away, Rollo following her, and looking very anxious and unhappy. They had not taken many steps, however, before they met two or three children running out of the school-room door, capering and clapping their hands, and crying out,

"We have caught the mouse; come, Rollo, Dovey, Henry, we have caught the mouse."

Dovey and Henry ran, but Rollo had no heart just then to think of any thing but his knife. He walked along after them, and crowded his head at length into the ring which surrounded the trap; and the sight of the little mouse, with its black eyes and slender tail, creeping around and putting his nose out between the wires, fairly drove, for a minute or two, the thought of his loss out of his head.

The children had scarcely done admiring their little prisoner, before a question arose as to the right of property in *him*. The girl who had brought the trap to school insisted that it was hers, because it was caught in her trap. The boy who *set* the trap maintained it was *his*, because he was in fact the one who caught him. Rollo thought *he* had some claim, because he had mended the door that was broken. "Had it not been for me," said he, "he *couldn't* have got in." "And if I had not brought the bait," said another boy, "he *wouldn't* have got in if he could." Finally, to complete the list of conflicting claims, one boy said the mouse did not belong to any of them. It was Miss Mary's mouse, he said, for they got it out of her school-room.

Voices grew quite loud in defence of these

various rights, until Miss Mary, who heard the noise of the controversy, suddenly brought it to a close by ringing the bell for the children to come into school.

They accordingly put down the trap, mouse and all, in a little corner by the portico, and went to their seats.

As Miss Mary was kind and indulgent to the scholars, and generally took an active interest in their pursuits and pleasures, they did not attempt to conceal any thing from her, but in all the questions that came up among them they talked in their usual tones of voice, whether she was within hearing or not. So it happened that she often heard their conversation, and if any thing took place which excited a good deal of interest in school, she generally knew all about it. Thus she knew all about the case of Rollo's knife, and also about the mouse;—though she said nothing to the children about them at the time.

Just before the time for recess, she told the scholars that she understood that there had been some disputes about the title to some property, and that she was going to be judge in the recess, and hear and settle the questions. She said that she wished all those chil-

dren who had been disputing about any property, of any kind, that morning, to come around her table in the recess; and all who wished to hear the cases might come also, and stand near.

So when she struck the bell for recess, almost all the children gathered around her table.

"I am very glad to see so many," said Miss Mary. "I want you all to hear these cases. Children at school often get into contentions about their property, and by hearing how I decide these questions you will learn how you ought to act in similar cases hereafter."

Miss Mary then said that the first thing was to ascertain how many questions there were at issue, and what they were about; so she asked all those who had had any dispute about property, to hold up their hands, and a great many hands were immediately raised.

"Rollo, what was your question about?"

"About my knife."

"Who has got the knife?"

"Dovey."

"Dovey, bring it here."

So Dovey brought the knife and handed it to Miss Mary, and Miss Mary laid it out before her upon the table.

"George, what is your question about?" said Miss Mary, then, to the next boy.

"About the mouse."

"Who has got the mouse?"

"It is in the mouse-trap out at the door."

"Go and bring it here."

So George went out and brought the mouse-trap in, and handed it to Miss Mary. Miss Mary laid it upon the table by the side of the knife. The mouse was frightened and ran about the trap, putting his nose out here and there through the wires. This put the children quite into a frolic. They laughed and capered about and pointed at him; and those behind crowded their faces in between the others to see. At length, however, the mouse was still again, and then the children became quiet and looked towards Miss Mary.

Miss Mary was willing that they should have a little frolic, both because it was recess, and because she thought it would make it more easy for them to acquiesce good naturedly in her decisions.

"Are these all?" said Miss Mary when they were still and attentive.

One more hand was raised.

"And what is your question, John?" said she to the boy.

"About my windmill."

"Who has got the windmill?"

"Julius."

"I haven't," said Julius, in a surly tone of voice.

"He had it when the bell rang," said George.

"Where is it, Julius?" said Miss Mary.

Julius said he supposed it was out in the orchard. Miss Mary told him to go and bring it in.

So he went out and brought the windmill in. It was a paper windmill, made by taking a square piece of paper, and cutting from near the centre out to the four corners, and then bending over half of each corner to the middle, and passing a pin through them all into a little handle. With stiff paper a very pretty windmill may be made in this way, though but few boys know how to do it.

Julius handed the windmill to Miss Mary, and she placed it upon the table by the side of the other things

"Now," said she, "we will take the knife first. Rollo, tell us your story."

So Rollo told her all about his knife, just as the facts have been related here; and then Dovey said she did not give the knife han-

dle to him to keep for his own forever, but she only lent it to him; and besides, she said, if she did give it to him, she wanted it now, and was going to take it back.

Then Miss Mary asked the other children who were there at the time, and they said that they understood that Dovey meant Rollo to keep the knife for his own.

“Did I say he might keep it forever?” said Dovey.

“No, you did not say that exactly,” said Henry, “but you said he might have it, and you understood that he was going to have a blade put in.”

Miss Mary made some further inquiries, until she ascertained fully all the facts, and then she said as follows :

“This is my decision. The knife is Rollo’s. When a person gives or sells any property to any other person, it is called a conveyance. If this is done under such circumstances, and in such a manner, as to make the thing fairly and fully the property of the person who receives it, it is called a *valid* conveyance. If it is made in such a way, or under such circumstances, as not to entitle the new possessor to it, it is said to be *null and void*, and goes for nothing. Now the great question is,

whether Dovey's giving the handle to Rollo was a valid conveyance of it to him.

“Two things are necessary to make a valid conveyance of property among children,—from Dovey to Rollo, for instance. First, the thing must actually belong to Dovey, so that she has a right to give it away. If she should give Rollo George's windmill, here, it would be null and void, for that would not be hers to give. So if she should give away her bonnet, it would be null and void, for that is more her mother's than her own, and so she has no right to give it away. But the knife handle, or any other trifling plaything of that kind, is hers, and so she had a right to give it.

‘But, in the second place, she must *intend* to convey it, that is, to give it entirely away. If one boy should say to another, ‘May I have your knife?’ and he should say ‘Yes,’ thinking he only wanted to borrow it a few minutes, that would not be a conveyance; and yet he said he *might have it*, absolutely, but then he did not *intend* actually to make it his.

“In the third place, the person who conveys property must actually *deliver* it to the new owner. This completes the conveyance, and makes the property fully and entirely his. And this is necessary, for without it the pro-

perty does not pass. For example, if a boy were to promise you a whistle and say he should bring it the next day, and then the next day should bring it and refuse to give it to you, you would have no right to take it. It would not be yours. His promise to give it to you would not make it yours. It is necessary that he should actually deliver it to you of his own accord.

“Now these are rules which men observe in conveying property, and I think they apply as well to children. And in this case the conveyance was valid, judged by these rules. The handle was actually Dovey’s. She intended to give it to Rollo, and she did actually deliver it to him with this intention. That made the conveyance complete and valid, and the handle became absolutely Rollo’s.

“But Dovey says that, admitting that she did give Rollo the handle for his own, she altered her mind afterwards, and meant to take it back again. This is a very common thing among children, but it is always wrong. When a thing is once really conveyed to another, either by exchange, or sale, or gift, it becomes absolutely his, and the first owner has no more right to take it again than any other person has to take it away. So that the handle is clearly Rollo’s, and not Dovey’s at all.

"And yet, when a person gives another a thing, without receiving anything in return, and is afterwards sorry and wants it back, I think it is best generally to give it back. You are not obliged to give it back; it is yours, fully, but still I would give it back generally. If one of the children should give me an apple, and afterwards want it back again, I should give it back again. And so, if I were Rollo, I should ask Jonas to take out the blade again, and then give the handle back to Dovey if she wants it. But then, Rollo, you must do just as you please about it, as it is absolutely yours, and you can do with it as you think best."

Here Miss Mary handed Rollo his knife; and then turned to the other cases.

"We will take the windmill case next," said Miss Mary, "as that is probably shorter than the other. George, what is the story about the windmill?"

"Why I had my windmill out there, and I was playing with it, and Julius came and wanted it, and I told him he mustn't have it, and he pulled it away from me and ran off, and then the bell rung and I had to come in."

Miss Mary then turned to Julius and said, "Well, Julius, was it all so?"

"I was not going to take it away from him; I only wanted to try it a minute."

"But you did take it away from him, didn't you?"

"I was going to give it right back to him again."

"But that was wrong. Do you know what the name of the crime is that a man commits when he takes away the property of another forcibly?"

Julius made no answer.

"It is *robbery*," said Miss Mary.

"If a man meets a traveller on the road, and takes away his money by force, he *robs* him of it. If a schoolboy takes away a plaything from another, he *robs* him of it. If he keeps it for a day, then he robs him of it for that day. If he keeps it only a minute, then he robs him of it for the minute. If you take away any body's property, however small the value of it may be, and however short the time you keep it, it is an act of robbery. I hope all the children will remember this. It is a very common thing among children, but it is always unjust and wrong. If the rightful owner of a thing is not willing that you should take it, you have no right to take it, even for a moment."

So saying, Miss Mary handed George his windmill, and then said,

“Now for the mouse.”

“I think the mouse is mine,” said one boy, “for he was caught in my trap.”

“But the trap was not good for anything till I mended it,” said Rollo.

“And I set it,” said another boy.

“And I got the bait,” said another.

Just at this moment there was a sudden jump and scream among the children. The mouse was out of the trap, upon the table. The children started back,—the mouse leaped off to the floor and ran along, the children screaming and scampering in all directions. Some clambered upon the chairs, some upon the desks, and others made their escape out of the door. In short, the court was broken up in great confusion, the claimants vanished, and the mouse quietly withdrew to his hole.

How he succeeded in getting out of the trap, the children never could find out to this day. Perhaps Rollo did not fix the door exactly right. They were all much disappointed at losing him, but Miss Mary said that she was not very sorry, after all, for it settled summarily a mass of conflicting claims, the

adjustment of which would have involved a good many intricate legal questions.

After school that day Rollo told Dovey he had concluded to get Jonas to take out his blade, and then he would give her back her handle. But she said it was no matter. She preferred, on the whole, that he should keep the handle; for his own, forever.



THE REASON WHY.

ONE afternoon, in the recess, Henry was playing with some little stones in the walk, very near the gate, and Rollo and Dovey and some other children were sitting by, on the grass. Henry was making a well. He had dug a small hole in the walk, and had put little stones all around it inside, as men stone up a well, and then he asked Dovey if she would not go in and get some water to pour into his well.

"No," said Dovey. "I can't go very well now; I am tired."

"Well, Rollo, you go, won't you?"

"Why—no—," said Rollo. "I can't go—very well."

He then asked one or two other children, but nobody seemed inclined to go.

"Oh dear me," said Henry, with a sigh. "I wish somebody would go; or else I wish water would come in my well of itself, as it does in men's wells. I don't see why it won't."

"It is because your well is not deep enough," said one of the children.

"Then I will dig it deeper," said Henry; and he took out the stones and began to dig it deeper, with a pointed stick, which served him for a shovel. But after digging until he was tired, his well was as dry as ever.

"I don't see why the water won't come," said he. "I mean to ask Miss Mary."

"No you mustn't ask Miss Mary," said a little round-faced boy standing there, with a paper windmill in his hand.

"Yes I shall," said Henry.

"No you mustn't; it is wrong to ask why."

"No it isn't."

"Yes it is," said George; "my mother said so."

"It is not wrong to ask why," said Rollo; "my father said it wasn't. It is very right."

George insisted that it was wrong. His mother knew, he said, as well as anybody, and she said it was wrong. Rollo was, however, not convinced; and the other children took sides, some with George, and some with Rollo; and, finally, after considerable dispute, they all arose and went off in search of Miss Mary, to refer the question to her.

They entered the school-room, and all crowded up around Miss Mary's desk, Rollo and George at the head.

"Is it wrong, Miss Mary," said Rollo, "to ask why?"

"Isn't it, Miss Mary?" said George.

"That depends upon circumstances," said Miss Mary.

The children did not know what she meant by "depends upon circumstances," and they were silent. At length one of the children said,

"George says that his mother told him it was wrong; but Rollo's father said it was right."

"It is quite an important question," said Miss Mary. "I will answer it by and by, to the whole school. So you may go out and play for the rest of the recess, but do not talk about it any more among yourselves."

So the children went out to play until the bell rang to call them in.

At the close of the school, or rather just before the hour for closing it, Miss Mary, having asked the children to put their books away, addressed them as follows:

"Two of the scholars came to me with this question to-day: whether it was proper for children to ask their parents or teachers the reasons of things. One thought it was, and the other thought it was not. I told them I

would consider the question when all the school could hear, and we will accordingly take it up now. George, you may tell us why you thought it was not."

George was quite a small boy, and he was at first a little intimidated at being called upon, before the whole school, to state his opinion. So he only answered faintly that his mother told him so.

"When was it, George?"

"Yesterday."

"Do you recollect what you were doing when she told you, and what she said? Tell us all about it."

"Why, I was playing with some blocks, and mother said I must go to bed, and I asked her why; she said I was always asking why, and it was wrong to ask her why."

"Well, Rollo, now let us hear your story."

"Why, one day I was playing in a tub of water by the pump, and I had a little cake-tin which I was sailing about for my ship, and I had another flat piece of tin for my raft. My ship would sail about very well, but my raft would not sail at all; it would sink directly to the bottom. I could not make it stay up. And so I went in to my father, and I asked him why one would sail and the

other would not, when they were both tin. And he said he was very glad that I asked him, and that it was right for children to ask why."

"Very well," said Miss Mary, as soon as Rollo had finished. "You have both told your stories very well.

"For children to ask their parents the reason for anything they see or hear, is sometimes right and sometimes wrong. It depends upon circumstances. In George's case, now, the circumstances were very different from those of Rollo's. Rollo's motive was a desire of knowledge. He wanted to have a difficulty explained, and so he went to his father, at a proper time and under proper circumstances, and asked him. In such cases as this, it is very right to ask the reason why.

"But in George's case it was different. He asked why he must go to bed, not from a desire to learn and understand, but only because he did not want to go. He knew well enough why he must go. It was time. He only asked for the purpose of making delay, and perhaps getting leave to sit up longer.

"This now is a very common case of boys' asking why. They are told to do something, and instead of obeying promptly and at once,

they ask why they must do it. It is one kind of disobedience, and it is, of course, always wrong."

"Then is it always wrong," said Lucy, "to ask our father and mother the reason for what they tell us to do?"

"No," said Miss Mary; "not unless you make it an excuse for putting off obeying. For instance, if George had gone to bed directly and pleasantly when his mother told him to go, and then, the next day, when he saw she was at leisure, if he had gone and said to her, 'Mother, what is the reason that children are generally sent to bed earlier than grown persons?' I don't think she would have considered it wrong. If he had asked the question in that way, it would have shown that he really wanted to know; but in the other way he stops to ask about the reason of the command, at the time when he ought to have gone off and obeyed it."

"My father never lets me ask him the reason for what he tells me to do," said Henry.

"You mean, I rather think, that he never lets you stop to ask him the reason at the time when you ought to be doing it."

"No," said Henry. "I don't think he would let me ask him at all."

"Suppose you try the experiment. Next time he gives you any command which you do not understand, go and obey it at once, with alacrity, and then, afterwards, when he is at leisure, go and ask him pleasantly if he will tell you the reason."

"I will," said Henry; "but I know he won't tell me."

"Well," said Miss Mary, "we will now close the school; and I want you all to remember what I have told you. It is right for you to want to understand what you see and hear; and it is even right for you to wish to know the reasons for the commands your parents give you. But you must always do it at a proper time, and with proper motives, and you must never stop to ask why, when the command is given and you ought to be obeying it. And, above all, you must never stop to say, 'Why must I?' in a repining tone, when you don't really wish to know why, but only to show your unwillingness to obey."

Cep 113

That night, when Henry went home from school, he had an opportunity to put Miss Mary's opinions to the test, sooner than he had expected. He walked along with Rollo

as far as their roads went together, and then he turned down a green lane, which led, after some time, to a pleasant-looking house, with a fine large martin-house upon a tall pole near it. This was where Henry lived. He heard his father at work in the barn, and he went and looked in. His father and a large boy were grinding some scythes. He looked at them a few minutes, and then went into the house.

His mother was at work in the kitchen, getting supper. A small table was set in the middle of the room, with two plates upon it, for Henry's father and mother. At another table, by the window, there was a large pan of milk, and a bowl full by the side of it.

"Is this my bowl of milk?" said Henry.

"Yes," said his mother.

So Henry took up his bowl of milk and carried it carefully out to the door, and put it down on a large stone which was in the back yard, and which made a sort of seat, where he often went to eat his bread and milk. Then he went in and got a spoon and a large piece of bread, and came out and sat down upon the stone and ate his supper. After this his mother told him it was time to go after

the cows, and so he put on his cap and walked along.

Henry went through a pair of bars which led to a lane by the side of the barn. He went on in this lane for some distance, until he reached the place where the path entered among the trees and bushes. He was just disappearing in the thicket, when his father saw him through the back barn door. He called out aloud,

“Hen-ry.”

Henry turned round, saw his father, and answered,

“What, sir?” in a loud voice.

“Are you going after the cows?”

“Yes, sir,” said Henry.

“Well,—don’t go over the bridge,—but go round by the stepping-stones,—going and coming.”

Henry was so far off that his father had to call in a loud voice, and to speak very slowly and distinctly, in order to make him hear. After he had done speaking, he paused a moment, in order to observe whether Henry appeared to understand him.

Henry stood still an instant, too, looking at his father, and then he called out, in an equally loud voice,

“*Why* mustn’t I go over the bridge?”

His father, in reply to this question, only said, “Obey!”

Henry understood by this that he did not think it proper for him to ask the reason.

“There,” said he to himself, “I told Miss Mary so. My father never lets me ask why.”

The bridge which his father meant, was only a couple of old logs laid across a brook in the woods, so that they could get over. The cows could not walk upon it, and so they usually came across through the water. They had thus worn a deep place in the brook, both above and below the bridge, and here Henry used to love to stop and play, sailing boats, watching little fishes, skippers, &c. There was another way of going into the pasture, by turning off just before you come to the bridge, through some cedar bushes, until you come to the brook at another place below; and there, there were stepping-stones. The path beyond led on to the pasture, though it came out into a little different part of it.

Now Henry preferred to go by the bridge, and he asked his father why he mustn’t, not because he really wished to know the reason.

but only as a way of begging his father to let him go that way.

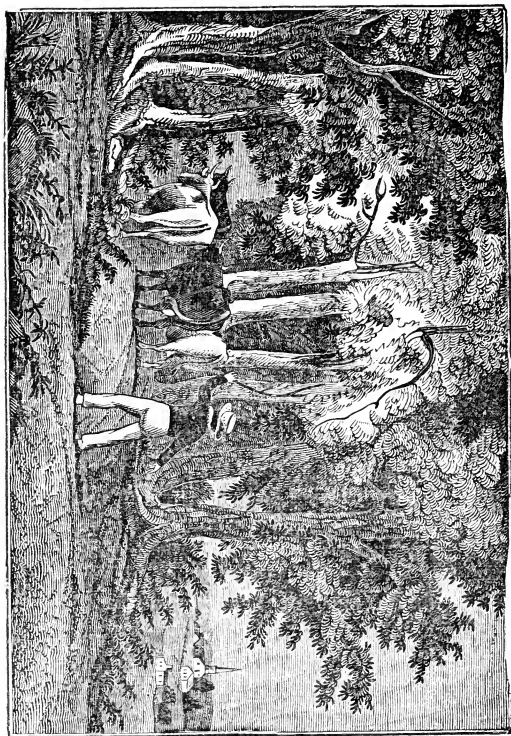
Henry, however, obeyed. He left the path which led to the bridge, at the proper place, and went through among the cedars and other trees which grew near the brook, until he came to the stepping-stones. He then went on to the pasture and found the cows. He drove them along towards home, and tried to make them go by the path his father had directed him to take; but they liked the other road better, as well as he, and, notwithstanding all his efforts, they would go into the woods by the path which led to the bridge.

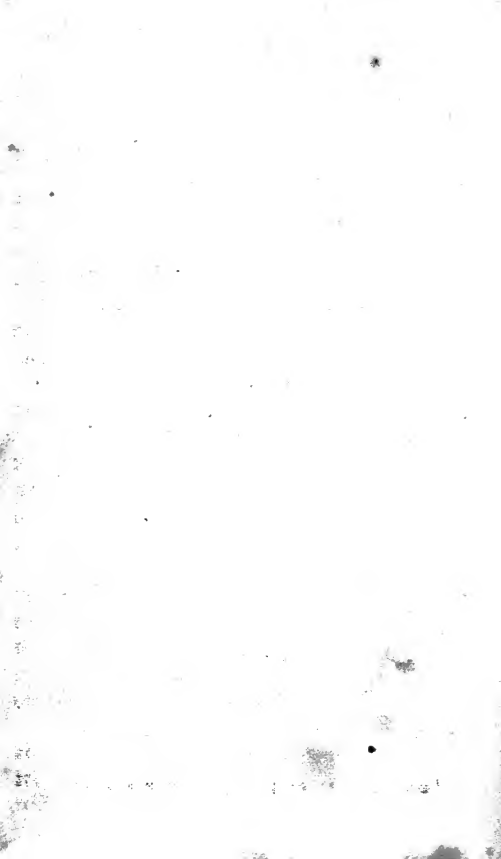
"Now I *must* go by the bridge," said Henry.

On second thoughts, however, he concluded to obey his orders at all hazards. So he went to the entrance of the woods, where the cows had gone in, and shouted to them some time to make them go on, and then he went himself round the other way.

The cows stopped a few minutes to drink at the brook, and accordingly they and Henry came out at the junction of the two paths very nearly together. Henry then drove them along the lane towards the house.

He wondered what the reason could be





why his father would not let him take the usual path; and just then he happened to think of the experiment which Miss Mary had advised him to try.

"Here is a fine chance," said he to himself. "I will ask my father, but I *know* he won't tell me."

Accordingly, when he reached the yard, he went to the barn to find his father. It was almost dark, and he was just shutting the great doors. Henry pushed the doors to, for him, and his father fastened them. Then he took hold of his father's hand, and they walked towards the house.

"Father," said he, in a good-natured tone, "will you be good enough to tell me what the reason was why you was not willing to have me go over the bridge?"

"Oh yes," said his father. "We found a great hornets' nest close by the bridge to-day, and I don't want you to go that way until we destroy it, for fear you will get stung."

"A hornet's nest?" said Henry.

"Yes," said his father, "a monstrous one."

"How big?" said Henry.

"Oh, as big as your head."

"As big as my head?" said Henry, with astonishment.

"Yes, cap and all."

"Do you think the hornets would have stung me?" asked Henry again, after a moment's pause.

"No, I don't think they would."

"Then why didn't you let me go?"

"Because they *might* have stung you, though probably they would not have done it, if you had let them alone."

"When are you going to destroy the nest?" said Henry.

"Early to-morrow morning."

Here they reached the house, and Henry's father went in to his supper. Henry himself sat down upon the door-step, saying to himself,

"Well, Miss Mary was right, it seems, after all."

The next day, when Henry came to school, he went to Miss Mary's table, and told her he had tried the plan of asking his father the reason at the proper time.

"And did he tell you?" said Miss Mary.

"Yes," said Henry, smiling; "he did."

"I thought he would. Parents are generally willing to give their children reasons, if they ask at a proper time and in a proper manner."

Miss Mary then asked Henry what it was that he asked his father the reason for, and he told her the whole story. She then asked him if he was willing that she should tell the story to all the scholars, and he said yes; and she accordingly did so.

April 14 '85.

THE HOLIDAY.

TOWARDS the latter part of the summer, when the leaves of the forest were just beginning to turn brown, and the nights began to grow cool, the children used to have a fine time getting apples under the apple-trees in the orchard. Miss Mary allowed them to have two apiece each day, one in the forenoon and one in the afternoon. The children rambled about under the trees, in the recess, choosing their apples. It was against the rule to bite them, for the purpose of trying the taste, and they were accordingly obliged to judge by the size and color. They were not allowed to eat apples in the orchard, but, after choosing one each, they came back to the portico, and, sitting down upon the stone or upon the grass, ate them there.

The reason why Miss Mary did not allow the children to eat apples anywhere but before the school-room door, was that that was the best way to be sure that they did not any of them eat but one; and the reason why she did not wish to have them eat more than one apiece, was that she was afraid that more

might make them sick. It is not *certain* that, if children eat several apples at a time, they will be sick; but they may be, and Miss Mary wanted to be on the safe side.

One day, about this time, two of the children came running in to Miss Mary, in a recess, out of breath, and apparently very eager about something or other. They came and stood by the side of her table, and waited for her to give them permission to speak.

"Well, children," said Miss Mary, at length looking up from her work, "do you want to speak to me?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Henry, who was one of the boys. "Will there be any school to-morrow?"

"Yes, certainly," said Miss Mary. "Why not?"

"Why, it is training."

"Training?" said Miss Mary

"Yes, there is going to be a training on the common."

"And do my scholars belong to the company?" said Miss Mary, smiling.

"Why, no," said the boys; "they don't belong to any company, but they want to see the training."

Miss Mary paused and reflected a moment.

Presently she said, "I will think of it, and tell you and all the school, together, by and by."

When the time for dismissing the school had arrived, and the children had put away their books, Miss Mary introduced the subject as follows :

"I understand that there is to be a training to-morrow, and some of the children wanted to know whether there will be any school or not. But first, I want to know all I can about the facts. All the children that can tell me anything about the training may rise."

Here several children stood up.

Miss Mary called upon them one after another, and they told various things. One said that it was the Light Infantry that were going to train. Another said that he believed they were going to have a new uniform. Another said that his uncle Ephraim was going to train. Another said they were going to fire, &c. At last, all the children had told what they knew about it, and all sat down.

Then Miss Mary asked all those to rise who knew whether any other schools were going to be dismissed for that day; but none of the children knew of any.

Then Miss Mary asked all those to rise

April 15

who had heard their parents say anything about school being dismissed that day. Several rose.

“Well, James, what did your father say?”

“He said that if you did not keep school, he would take me out to the common.”

“George, what did yours say?”

“It was my mother.”

George hung his head and looked rather foolish, adding, in a low tone,

“She said she hoped you would not dismiss the school.”

“Did she say why not?”

“I suppose she did not want to have me go to training.”

“Rollo?”

“My father does not like to have me go to training.”

“Why not?”

“He is afraid I shall get hurt.”

“Lucy?” said Miss Mary, observing that Lucy was standing ready to speak.

“My mother said,” Lucy replied, “that perhaps there would be so many persons in the streets, that we could not go back and forth to school very well.”

“That is to be thought of, it is true,” said

Miss Mary. Then, after a short pause, she continued thus :

“On the whole, considering all the circumstances, I think we had better have a holiday. But I don’t like to have you go to the training. It is a rude, noisy scene, where you will be very likely to get hurt. So I will propose that you should all come and spend the holiday here. We will gather apples in the forenoon, and in the afternoon we will build a fire in the woods and roast some of them.”

The eyes of a good many of the children sparkled at this, for they were very much pleased with the thought of spending the day with Miss Mary in play. Miss Mary used often to go out with them in the recess, and help them in their plays, and tell them stories, and she knew so many good plays and interesting stories, that they always enjoyed such times very highly.

Still, however, some of the children appeared a little unwilling to give up the training. One little fellow, who had looked very restless and uneasy during this conversation, said that if they came there they should not see the *tent*.

“Is there to be a tent on the common ?” said Miss Mary.

Several of the children said that there was.

"Oh, well, *we* can have a tent too," said Miss Mary.

"However," she continued, after a moment's pause, "you can do as you please, or rather as your parents please. We will have no school, and you can all tell your parents that I shall keep holiday in the orchard, and shall be glad to have any of you come that would like to come. You must come in the morning, and stay all day. If any of you prefer to go to the training, and your parents are willing, you can go, of course; or if your parents think it will not be safe for you to come here through the streets, then, of course, you will not come."

The children seemed satisfied with this arrangement, and Miss Mary prepared to close the school.

"One thing more," said Miss Mary, suddenly recollecting herself. "Have any of you any little wheelbarrows or wagons at home? If you have you may rise."

At these words several of the children arose, and Miss Mary asked them what they had. One had a pair of trucks, another a little wheelbarrow, another a wagon, and another,

one of the smallest boys, named Ezra, said he had a drag.

"What is your drag?" said Miss Mary.

"I haul stones upon it," said the little boy.

"Yes, but how is it made?"

The boy looked a little confused, and said he did not know.

"Well, never mind," said Miss Mary, "we shall see it when it comes.

"Now, boys," she continued, "we shall want all the carts and wagons you can bring, to draw the apples in with. I should like, therefore, to have you bring anything of the kind you may have, if your parents are willing. Be sure not to bring them without their consent."

After this, Miss Mary closed the school with the usual religious exercises, and the children went home.

As the children walked along out of the gate, Henry said that he should rather go to the training, and he hoped his father would let him go.

"Oh no," said Rollo and Lucy, both together. "It will be a great deal pleasanter here than at the training, I know."

"No it won't," said Julius. "I would rather go to the training, a great deal."

"I expect my father will make me come to the school, at any rate," said Henry, "when he knows that Miss Mary is going to keep holiday out in the orchard."

"I shan't tell *my* father anything about it," said Julius.

"Nor I my mother," said Dovey.

Here the children separated and went off, in little groups, in various directions, talking together. Dovey, however, altered her mind before she got home. She reflected that it would be wrong not to tell her mother exactly what the facts were. Besides, she concluded that, after all, she should rather go and spend the day with Miss Mary.

Julius, on the other hand, told his father, when he got home, that there was not to be any school the next day, but said nothing about Miss Mary's plan; and accordingly, the next morning, after breakfast, he went out into the streets, and gradually made his way towards the common.

Early in the morning Miss Mary's father, having heard that all the children were coming the next day to pick up his apples, opened a great gate leading from the yard to the orchard; he also got up a large number of barrels out of the cellar, and arranged them in a

row on the great barn floor. He also got his wheelbarrow and his handcart ready; and soon after breakfast the children began to come.

They gathered about the school-room door, bringing all sorts of little vehicles with them. Rollo brought his wheelbarrow, and another boy a pair of trucks, consisting of a box on four low wooden wheels; a third came with a painted wagon, made to draw little children in, the top covered with a green awning. While the children were gathering around, and examining and admiring these various vehicles, they saw little Ezra tugging away at the gate, endeavoring to pull something through. It proved to be his drag; which was, in fact, nothing more nor less than an old worn-out tea-waiter, which his mother had given him. He had tied a strong string into the handle at one end, by means of which he could drag it about the yard.

When the children were all assembled, Miss Mary came out and stood in the portico among them, looking at their carts and wagons. Each called to her eagerly to look at his own, and several pointed, laughing, at Ezra's drag. Miss Mary, seeing that Ezra looked a little troubled at having his drag

laughed at, went to it and examined it, and said it was a very good drag. She told him to come with her and she would find him a box to put on it, and then he could draw a good many apples,—almost as many as the other boys could with their wheelbarrows.

When Rollo saw Miss Mary thus trying to help little Ezra, and to make him feel contented and happy, instead of laughing at him and giving him pain, he was sorry that he had laughed at him, as he had done, with the rest. It is right for boys to laugh when they see anything amusing, unless they perceive that it is the means of giving somebody pain; and that it is never right to do for the sake of amusement.

Rollo thought, too, that it must be a great satisfaction to Miss Mary to give pleasure to the scholars in such ways as that, and he thought he would imitate her example. He accordingly went up to Ezra and offered to exchange with him.

“I will let you have my wheelbarrow a little while, Ezra, if you want it, and I will take your drag.”

“Will you?” said Ezra, much pleased. “Well,—I should like your wheelbarrow very much.”

Just as Ezra began to try Rollo's wheelbarrow, Miss Mary, who stood on the portico, called all the children to come and form a ring before her. So they all left their carts and wagons and came to her, as she desired.

‘Now, children,’ said she, ‘I am going to give the orders of the day. We are all going to work this forenoon, and play this afternoon. I shall give you all directions where you are to go, and what apples you are to gather; and you must obey the directions exactly, without asking why, or requesting me to change them. There are so many of you, that if I stop to explain to every one, I shall be talking all the time. You must not eat any apples, and not even bite one, until I give you leave. I shall form you into companies and give you your stations; and each must keep his station, and obey the leader of his company, until I change him.

“Now, James,” she continued, “wheel your wheelbarrow into the ring.”

So James went out and got his wheelbarrow, and wheeled it in where all the children could see it.

“Now who would like to belong to James's company?”

Several of the children raised their hands.

"Look around, James," said Miss Mary, "and choose any four of those whose hands are up that you would like to have help you."

James looked about for a minute or two, and then chose two girls and two boys, and they went and stood by James's wheelbarrow.

"There, James," said Miss Mary, "there is your company. You may go out to the great russet tree and pick up apples. All your company must stay at that tree, under your direction. If any difficulty occurs, or if any of your company want anything, you must come yourself and tell me. You must also come and tell me when you get your wheelbarrow full."

So James took up his wheelbarrow and went along, his company following him, until they reached the great russet tree, and began to pick up the apples which lay there.

In the same manner Miss Mary organized another company, a boy who had a pair of trucks being at the head of it; and another with a little wagon. Next she called Rollo, and he came, pulling in Ezra's drag.

"But where's your wheelbarrow?" said Miss Mary.

"I have exchanged with Ezra," said Rollo.

"Oh, have you?" said Miss Mary. "Well,

that is a very good plan. Who will you have for your company?"

Rollo chose Dovey and Henry, and two very little boys. His company were sent to a tree that bore large red apples. Ezra, with Rollo's wheelbarrow, and a company which he had chosen, went to another tree pretty near; and thus in a short time all the children were distributed over the orchard, each company under the tree assigned to it.

Miss Mary adopted this systematic plan in order that things might go on smoothly and pleasantly; for some system is necessary when a great number of persons are to be employed in any one work. When the children were all engaged, she herself took her work and went out into the orchard, and sat under the shade of a tree, where, by looking up occasionally, she could see how things went on.

After she had been sitting there a minute or two, she recollected that she ought to have a messenger to send around to tell the children anything she might, from time to time, wish to communicate to them. She accordingly looked to one of the nearest companies to find some gentle, pleasant girl or boy. She chose Rollo's cousin Lucy, and beckoned to her to come.

“ Lucy,” said she, “ I forgot one thing. I want you to go around to all the companies, and tell them they must be particular to put the apples into the carts and wagons very carefully, and not bruise them.”

As soon as Lucy was gone, Rollo came to Miss Mary, to tell her that his company had got the box full, which she had put upon Ezra’s drag, and he wanted to know what he should do with the apples.

“ Appoint two of your company to draw them carefully to the barn. Perhaps you had better go yourself for one.”

So Rollo went back and appointed Henry to go with him.

“ I mean to go too,” said Dovey.

“ No you mustn’t,” said Rollo. “ Miss Mary said *two*.”

“ But she did not say you must not appoint more than two. I *will* go.”

By this time Henry and Rollo had taken hold of the string, and had begun to draw the drag; but Dovey insisted upon following them. Rollo began to feel a little angry, and said he never would choose Dovey in his company again.

After a moment’s reflection, however, he thought that it was wrong to be angry and to

scold at Dovey, and he recollected that Miss Mary had told him that if there was any difficulty he must come to her. So he let go of the string, and walked quietly away to Miss Mary and told her the case.

"Ask Dovey to come here," said Miss Mary.

Dovey obeyed, and Miss Mary asked her if it was true that she would insist upon going with Rollo.

"Yes, ma'am," said Dovey. "I wanted to go as well as Henry."

"But he appointed Henry."

"I wanted him to appoint me too."

Miss Mary paused a moment, and then said,

"Dovey, you have done wrong. Unless each company follows the directions I give them, through their leaders, the whole field would soon be in confusion. Look,—see there," she said, pointing to a tree upon one side.

Dovey looked and saw Ezra and another boy struggling for Rollo's wheelbarrow. This other boy's name was Samuel. They listened, and could hear what they were saying.

"I will move it," said Samuel.

"No, you shall not; it must stay here," said Ezra.

"Ezra, let go," said Samuel, pulling.

"You shan't have it," said Ezra.

Here Miss Mary asked Dovey to go and tell both the boys to come to her.

Dovey, glad to have another difficulty occur to call away Miss Mary's attention from her own case, ran off at full speed, and soon brought the combatants under Miss Mary's tree.

"You see, Dovey," said Miss Mary, without speaking to the boys, "what would happen if the children in all the companies were to become insubordinate, as you and Samuel have. We should have incessant disputes and contentions all over the field. Now I directed you all, very plainly, to obey the leaders of your companies; and, as you did not, I must send you away for a time. You must go to the portico, and sit down there, till I send for you again."

So Dovey went and took her solitary seat upon the portico floor, with her feet upon the great flat stone.

Then Miss Mary turned to Samuel.

"Samuel," said she, "you have been disobeying, too."

“Why, Miss Mary,” said Samuel, “Ezra would not let me move the wheelbarrow over to where the apples were thicker.”

“Yes, but Ezra was the leader of your company, and you ought to have let him place it just where he pleased. You have been insubordinate too. You must go and sit in the portico with Dovey.”

Then Miss Mary sent Lucy around to all the companies, to tell them that Samuel and Dovey had been sent away because they were insubordinate, and that she hoped there would be no more cases. The children looked at Dovey and Samuel, and determined that they would not make any such difficulty, so as to make Miss Mary send them away. After a time, Miss Mary let them both come back.

Pretty soon after the children began to gather the apples, a large strong boy came out of the house, with a light ladder and a pole; and he went around, from tree to tree, shaking off the apples, and thus keeping all the companies well employed. As soon as one tree was gathered, the company belonging to it was sent to another. They hauled and wheeled their loads of apples into the barn, where a man was ready to put them into the

proper barrels; and in the course of three hours they had gathered and got in a great many. Rollo, at first, had some trouble with Ezra's drag, and he was at one time upon the point of going to ask Miss Mary to let him change again. But when he looked at Ezra, and saw how much pleased he appeared to be with his wheelbarrow, he concluded to let him keep it. The box troubled him by slipping off, but at last the man at the barn tied it on with a strong cord, and after that he did very well.

The children enjoyed their work very much, and the forenoon slipped away rapidly. In fact, they were quite surprised when Miss Mary sent word round to the companies each to finish the tree they were under, and then to rendezvous at the portico. They accordingly did so; and all gathered around Miss Mary, who took her stand upon the great flat stone.

Miss Mary then ordered all the carts and trucks and wheelbarrows to be formed into a line, each attended by its own company. She sent one round into the barn to get a load of the best apples they could find, choosing them out of the different barrels. The second was despatched to the garden after a load of

green corn. She went into the house and got a large parcel done up in a great newspaper, and put it into Ezra's drag; and then presently brought out another parcel, which looked like a sheet rolled up, and put that into Rollo's wheelbarrow.

She then asked two of the largest boys to go around into the shed and bring three poles, which they would see there by the side of the door. The boys went, and presently returned; one had a very long pole, and the other had two shorter ones, with a crotch at one end of each.

"Now," said Miss Mary, "we are ready to form the caravan."

The children looked very much interested and pleased, wondering what Miss Mary was going to do.

She formed the companies in a line again, all with their loaded vehicles. She gave the long pole to a large boy, and, after whispering something in his ear, placed him at the head. Next to him came two other boys with the crotched poles, then the various companies in procession, ending with Ezra and his drag; and, finally, Miss Mary herself brought up the rear. When all was arranged, she gave the command to move.

The pole-bearer, of course, led the way; Miss Mary had whispered to him where to go. He walked on through the orchard, until he came to the great gate at the farther side. He passed through the gate into a wood, the long train, or caravan, as Miss Mary termed it, following him, until finally he turned off, by a narrow pathway, down into a glen, where he came at length to an opening, by the borders of a brook, where Miss Mary told them to stop.

It was a very pleasant place, and the children capered around it with delight. The several companies unloaded their carts and wheelbarrows, and put the contents in a little place under the bushes, which Miss Mary called her store-room.

"Now, then," said she, unrolling the bundle of white cotton cloth.

"Why, Miss Mary, what is that?" said they, gathering around her.

"It is our tent."

"Tent!" said the children with surprise.

"Yes," said Miss Mary; "did not I promise you a tent?"

So Miss Mary unrolled the parcel. It turned out to be a large sheet, with strong tapes sewed at equal distances along the

edges. Miss Mary then, with the help of some of the older children, laid down the long pole upon the ground, and spread the sheet over it, in such a way as that the pole reached across from side to side, under the middle of the sheet. Then two boys took hold of the two ends of the pole and raised it up, the sheet hanging over it.

Miss Mary then struck the crotched poles down into the ground, the lower ends having been made sharp for this purpose. She put these sharp ends down exactly under the ends of the long pole, and then lifted the long pole over, so as to put the two ends into the crotches. Still the crotched poles were not driven down into the ground far enough to stand up strong by themselves, and so two boys stood by to hold them, until Miss Mary should fasten the tent.

She then took hold of the two sides of the sheet, which hung down from the long pole, and extended them each way like the roof of a house; the children holding them out, until Miss Mary could fasten them. She then drove down some small stakes along the ground, in a row, on each side of the tent, and tied the tapes to them. This kept the

covering extended, and made the upright poles steady, and the tent was done.

All the children then wanted to go into it, and Miss Mary told them to be careful and not run against the tapes or the poles, for they were not very strong. Miss Mary thought she was not a very good tent-maker, but the children thought that the tent was a beautiful one.

"I think it is a great deal better than the tent on the common," said Rollo. "Isn't it, Miss Mary?"

"Yes," said Dovey; "because you know we can't go into that."

As soon as the tent was finished, Miss Mary sent off all the carts, trucks, and wheelbarrows, into the woods around, after sticks to make a fire with. She herself struck a light and began to kindle the fire, at some distance from the tent, and the boys piled on load after load of fuel, until they had a blazing fire.

They at length found a small log of wood, rather long, which the boys contrived to roll up towards the fire. They placed the ends upon two stones, which answered for andirons, and thus had a very respectable fore-stick. They then husked their corn, and

leaned it tip against the forestick to roast, and they put a long row of apples close to the fire, upon another side, and they soon began to hiss and sing very cheerily.

Miss Mary then asked Ezra to go and bring her the large paper parcel which came in his drag. She untied the twine and carefully unrolled the paper, and out came a large quantity of slices of bread and butter, and one or two pies. In fact, with what Miss Mary had brought down in this bundle, and with what they roasted at the fire, they made out a grand repast. They ate it in the tent, seated close together in a row around the inside, upon the grass, with their provisions upon the wheelbarrows turned bottom upwards in the middle, for tables. Miss Mary could not sit very comfortably within the tent, it was so low; and she accordingly took her station at the door of it, upon a seat formed of the box belonging to Ezra's drag, which she turned down for this purpose upon its side.

Each one of the children had an ear of corn, a roasted apple, a slice of bread and butter, and a piece of pie; and Miss Mary thought that, however unscientific her tent might appear in the eyes of a tent-maker,

there was probably as much enjoyment under it as there was under the tent upon the common. After they had finished their dinner, she sat an hour telling them stories; and then they went down to the brook and sailed little boats for some time. At last the time arrived for them to prepare to go home. The carts and wagons, with their companies, formed a line again, and moved slowly along out of the wood, back through the orchard to the school-room, in the same order in which they came.

Miss Mary found that Lucy was rather afraid to go home. The reason was, that she was naturally a little timid, and, besides, her road lay rather nearer the common and the soldiers than those of most of the other children. Lucy lingered behind with Rollo after the other children had gone, and Miss Mary, finding that she was afraid, said she would go a part of the way with her.

They accordingly walked along together, Miss Mary in the middle, leading Rollo by one hand and Lucy by the other. Presently they came into the part of the town where the common was situated. They were not going directly by it, for their road turned off from the main road just before it reached the common.

As they approached this turn, they heard the occasional firing of guns, and wild shouts, and a rattling of wagons and trampling of horses, and the atmosphere seemed half filled with dust and smoke. Lucy clung closer to Miss Mary's hand, and even Rollo was glad he was not any nearer the scene. Just as they were turning off into the other road, they suddenly saw a troop of boys coming at full speed, and with great noise, around a corner at some distance before them.

"Why, Miss Mary," said Rollo, "what is that?"

"Only some rude, bad boys."

"What are they doing? Why! is not that Julius?"

For while Rollo was actually asking the questions, he observed that the boys seemed to be pursuing one who was running a little before the rest, without his hat, and apparently very much terrified. The other boys were armed with sticks, and were shouting, apparently in anger. In a moment Rollo perceived that the boy in front was Julius, and immediately supposed that he had got into some quarrel with the bad boys on the common.

Miss Mary and Rollo stopped, but Lucy pulled gently upon Miss Mary's hand, as if

she wished to go on. Julius ran into a small store, and the other boys stopped and gathered around the door. Presently the man in the store came to the door and drove them away. They went off a little distance, and remained there, with threatening looks and gestures, waiting to catch Julius when he should come out. Miss Mary and the children then went along, and when they were beyond all danger Miss Mary returned home.

The school continued, after this, several weeks; during which time Rollo went on with his reading, writing, spelling and arithmetic, and he found that they became easier as he advanced. Dovey improved very much too, though she did not get entirely free from her old habits. As for Julius, he grew worse and worse; more indolent and careless, and pertinacious and stubborn. In fact, children are generally growing either worse or better. At last his father took him away from school. What became of him, perhaps the reader may learn in the book called Rollo's Vacation.





UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



B 000 002 040 4

